

BitterSweet^{75¢}

August, 1978 *The Magazine of Maine's Hills & Lakes Region* Vol. 1 No. 10



**Fear & Fighting on the
Oxford Central Railway (Part II)
Carpentry: A Family Affair
Picnicking at Snow's Falls**

Dear Peter- 8-78

There I was right a-top of my barn roof, when all of a sudden-whoosh. Straight through I went, by-passed the hay loft and landed right amongst the cows. Why they must of thought they'd been had by a wild creature. My clothes were in shreds, my hair right on end and my lungs let out an awful noise. The cows tore loose from the stalls, ran right through the closed barn doors.

Maw thought something was attacking the barn an' let loose with the shotgun an' tore out 5 windows an' finally got me.

I'm 'riting from the doctor's office laying on my stomach. O-o-o-o that was number 52 removed.

Bert.



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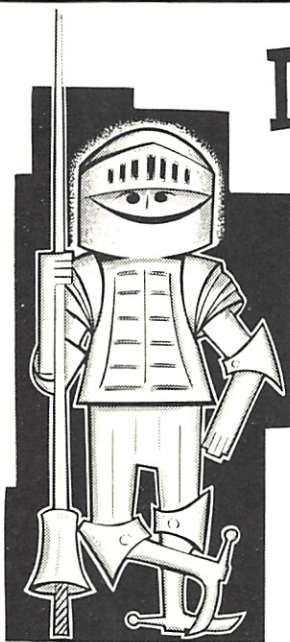
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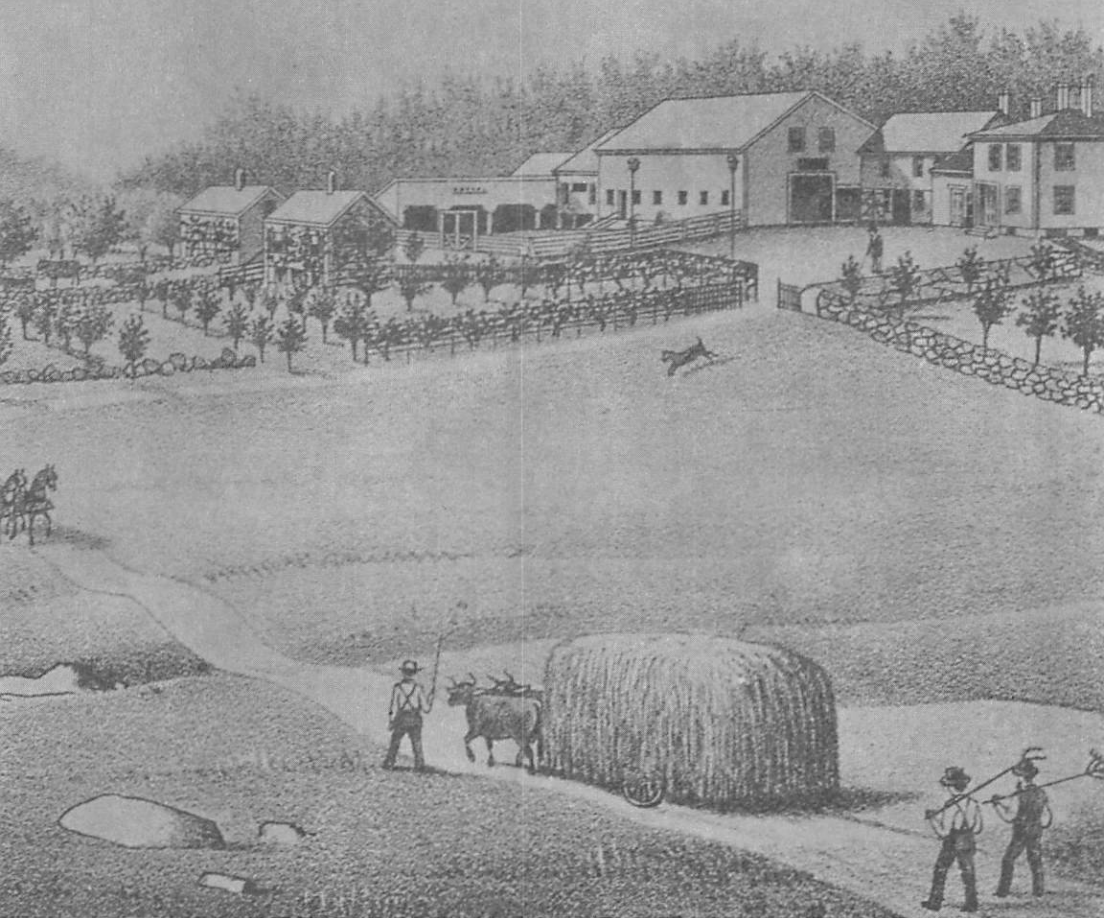
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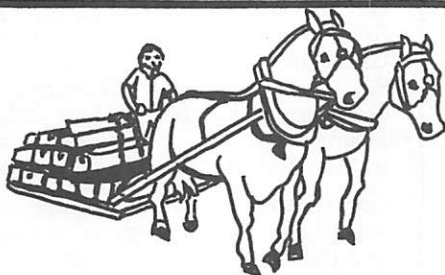
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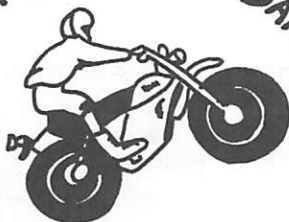
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The **WORLD'S FAIR**

August 17, 18, 19

No. Waterford, Maine

BitterSweet Views

When Paris Hill historian Seward Stearns called to say he had a piece for this month's issue of **BitterSweet** (*Picnicking At Snow's Falls*, page 18), I couldn't have been happier. At 91, Stearns, a former orchardist, farmer and general jack-of-all-trades, offers a unique, first-hand perspective on local life during the past century. In 1964, he retired after 20 years supervising South Paris' Burnham and Morrill canning plant. With his wife, Wilma, he settled down in the couple's beloved Cape Cod house on the Hill... where, as Seward writes in a short piece on his life on the Hill, "by looking out our back window to the west... we feel that we are sitting on top of the world."

Much of Stearns' time since his retirement has been devoted to researching and compiling local historical data and we are pleased to see some of his work find its way into the pages of **BitterSweet**.

Picnicking at places like Snow's Falls may have changed very little over the years; but, as Anna Holt Henderson recounts in her piece, *Carpentry: A Family Affair* (page 10), in areas like the building trades, "times sure have changed." No one who has purchased so much as a piece of rough lumber for a

home improvement project can help but smile at the prices Ms. Henderson quotes from the days when her grandfather worked as a local carpenter, spending \$2 for 500 board feet of pine flooring and \$12 for six gallons of paint.

The late Lowell D. Henley's saga of Central Oxford County's railroad-that-almost-was continues on page 6, with the project becoming so plagued by financial problems and disgruntled immigrant workers that it is doomed to failure. Although nature and new construction have all but obliterated any signs of the old railroad grating, the story surrounding the project is an intriguing — if little known — part of local lore.

Also in this issue, Associate Editor Pat White Gorrie pays a visit to Lovell Pewter, where Ken and Joan Kantro are successfully setting up a thriving crafts business at their picturesque, rural homestead.

And, on page 32, we are introducing a new regular feature which will provide tips from the folks at Groan & McGurn Greenhouse in Bethel on gardening, food preserving and the other varied activities which were feverishly pursued in what was once the heart of the early American farmhouse — the summer kitchen.



Fear and Fighting on the Oxford Central Railway

by Lowell D. Henley

(Part II of an historical manuscript on the planning, partial construction and final abandonment of Central Oxford County's only railroad. Part I appeared in the July issue.)

"It was a strange sight to see in peaceful, rural New England. Armed labor sentries patrolled the road approaches to the construction camp... the entire population had become desperate, almost murderous... promising to cut up their prisoners into as many pieces as there were dollars owed them..."

(Feverish activity followed initial attempts to organize the Oxford Central Railway in the late summer of 1896. Town meetings held during the following winter in Waterford, Norway and Albany raised funds to help with the construction of the line, the cost of which was estimated by civil engineers to be in the neighborhood of \$55,000. After backers of the plan proposed that local sources raise the first \$50,000, with the remaining financing to be met by railroad boosters, Waterford residents, by a vote of 293-7, okayed raising \$10,000 for the project. The town of Norway approved a similar amount, 318-80. Stoneham pledged \$3,500. Albany raised \$2,000. A Lovell town meeting failed to raise any money for the project, but voters agreed to let the line be built through town.

By early spring, private pledges amounted to another \$10,000, leaving a paltry \$5,000 sum as the sole obstacle to seeing the dream of a county railroad become a reality. Or so people thought.)

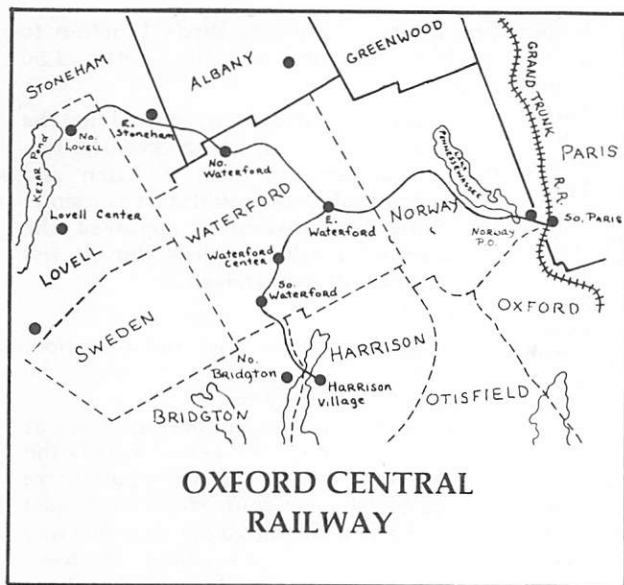
On March 5, 1897, the Oxford Central Electric Railroad was officially organized in Norway. Capital stock was set at 1,000 shares to sell for \$100 each.

Plans called for a station to be established at Norway Lake Village, and a platform and waiting room at the spot where the Greenwood Road is crossed near C. F. Booker's. A second station was planned near Hobbs Brook at Norway Center, with a platform and waiting room at the head of Little Pennessseewassee Pond. Other stations would be established "near James Frost's" and on the Swamp Road near The Norway Town Farm Road. Sidetracks would be laid as necessary.

A newspaper item dated February 26, 1897, noted that the railroad, if built, would be a boon to vacation and tourist business in the towns of Lovell, Stoneham, Waterford and Albany.

"To mention a few attractions (which would benefit), Keoka Lake, Mt. Tire'm, Bear Mt. and Bear Pond, the Five Kezars, and Long Kezar of Lovell, E. M. Dudley's Lake Hotel at Waterford, the Grand Gorge of Albany Basins, also Kezar Falls on the outlet of the Five Kezars in Waterford. All these beautiful areas will be readily available by way of the railroad..."

In spite of all this, stock was selling slowly, according to the article.



Map of the proposed railway beginning at Norway's Grand Trunk Station and running to Rice's Junction in East Waterford, with one branch leading to North Waterford, Stoneham and Lovell, and another heading to South Waterford, Harrison and, someday, Bridgton.

Seven directors were chosen at the Norway organizational meeting: President, Fred C. Wilson of Boston; L. H. Burnham of Albany; A. S. Hapgood of Waterford; B. G. McIntire of Waterford; Jonathan Bartlett of Stoneham; Freeland Howe of Norway; E. W. Eastman of Auburn.

Wilson was elected President of the Board of Directors. Burnham was chosen Vice-President. Howe served as Secretary.

It was decided that the board would set as its immediate goal the construction of 21 miles of railroad, with further extensions to be considered at a later date.

In the last week of March, Wilson and Howe traveled to Montreal for a conference with the general manager of the Grand Trunk Railroad to seek advice and help. Arrangements were made to rent rails from that company at a very attractive price. A committee of Grand Trunk engineers was set up to inspect the route of the Oxford Central Electric Railway and to report their findings and recommendations.

Norway Judge S. S. Stearns went to Augusta in April to appear before the State Railroad Commission and to file all necessary papers. The railroad now had legal standing.

The head office was to be established temporarily at Freeland Howe's Norway office.

A Lynchville newspaper item of May 14th reported:

"The Oxford Central Electric Railway from Norway to East Stoneham and South Waterford is a sure thing. The President, F. C. Wilson, says he will have the road bed graded and rails laid by September 10. There is a large force of men and teams landing railroad ties on the line of the road. L. H. Burnham, millman, is sawing out the large bridge timbers for the line."

The following week, the Board of Directors met to decide the final details of construction. The construction contract called for the building of the railroad from Norway to East Stoneham, about 17 miles, and from a point near Rice's Junction in East Waterford to Waterford, another 4 miles.

The power house, to be of wooden construction with metal shingle roof, was to be located at Rice's Junction. It was to consist of an engine room and a boiler house. Power equipment would consist of four horizontal boilers (150 h.p. each), and two belt-driven 225kw generators, with all such necessary appurtenances as heaters, condensers, pumps and injectors for steam plant, switch board, instruments, electric connections and the like.

The car house was also to be of wood, large enough to house the three large combination cars which were included in the contract and with ample storage space for snow sweepers, tool cars and other rolling stock. Cars would measure about 40 feet long, and would be divided for passengers and baggage. They would be equipped with 200 h.p. motors and be able to haul three or four loaded freight cars.

Preparatory work seemed to drag through June. A new set of articles had to be unexpectedly drawn up and submitted to the State Railroad Commissioners and a new hearing date set.

On July 2nd, a Norway news item read: "Chief Engineer Louis B. Wilson of the Oxford Central Electric Railroad Company said at the headquarters in the Locke Store, Wednesday, that the maps and profile would be completed in about a week. He and four assistants were busily working on them, finishing the details of construction of bridges, grades, etc. The steepest grade is around Flint Hill, less than 4%. Final distance will be: Norway Depot to Rice's Junction: 8.56 miles; Junction to East

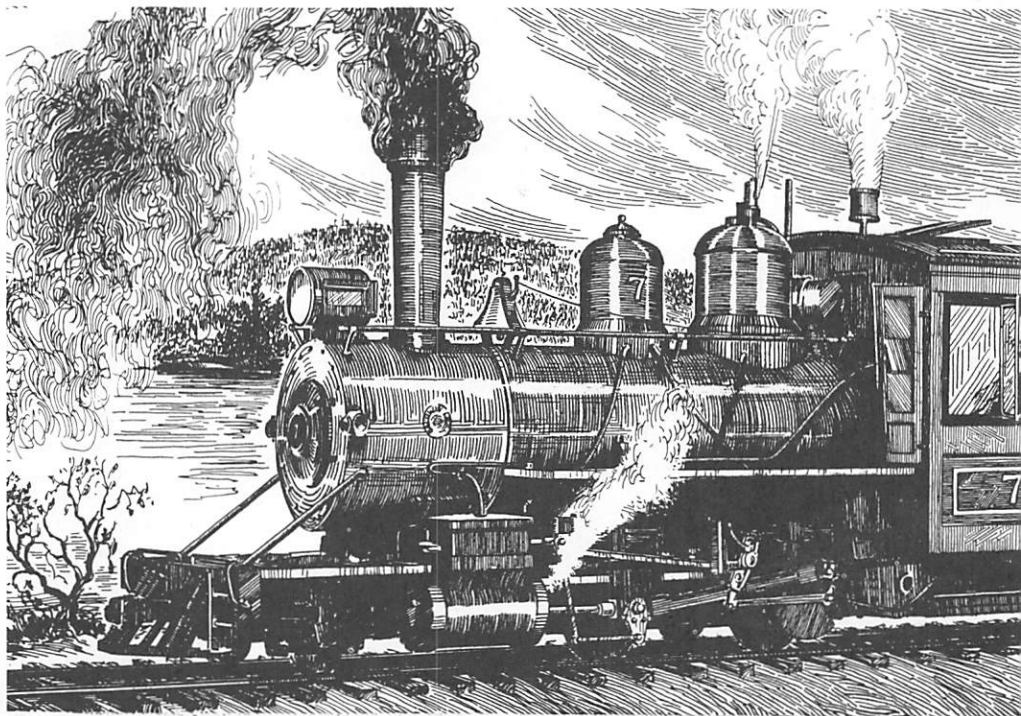
Stoneham: 8.13 miles; Rice's Junction to South Waterford: 4.81 miles. Total: 21.50 miles.

On July 3rd, a news item reported that the railroad grading contract had been let to a Boston construction firm, O'Brien and Davis, and that work would start as soon as the State Commissioners approved the route. In fact, a carload of picks, shovels, and barrows had already arrived.

The State Board insisted that a petition, including all specifications in detail, be published. This was done.

A public hearing was set for August 3rd, at the Beals House in Norway to discuss the final location of the railroad, since there seemed to be some controversy as to just where the line should go between Norway Village and Norway Lake Village. The town and railroad officials finally agreed that the railroad should follow the lake shore line to be least objectionable to people using the highway.

On August 6th, a full report of the hearing was published. The State Board approved all specifications with a minimum of minor changes, including an agreement that the



line stop a few rods short of the original plan at South Waterford, so as not to crowd the mill yard of the Waterford Mfg. Co. Merton L. Kimball made the request.

The signing of the franchise took place in the Norway office of Railroad Treasurer Judge S. S. Stearns. In addition to the Board members, attorneys, clerks, and Norway's Board of Selectmen, A. S. Hapgood and Merton L. Kimball represented Waterford at the meeting. After the ceremonies, Railroad President Fred C. Wilson conducted the entire party over the proposed railroad route, driving a four horse team hitched to a four-seated carriage.

At the Lake House, the landlord served the party a splendid dinner. Then the party drove to East Stoneham to see that part of the line, returning to Lake House for supper, and then traveling on to Bridgton, where the Commissioners took trains home.

After the rest of the officials got back to Norway that evening, the engineers sat up all night redoing plans to fit the final construction changes agreed upon.

Permission to start construction was received from Augusta the next day. Mr. Davis of the O'Brien and Davis

Construction Co. was now here and ready to begin operations.

News Item — August 13: "Saturday, two carloads of about 125 Italians arrived and immediately proceeded to the camp near Norway Center. All day, load after load of equipment went over from Norway Depot. Monday morning work began on Rufus R. Morrill's land, near Albert E. Whitehouse's.

That first day they heaped up about half a mile of dirt, working towards Norway Lake. They worked in three crews of forty men each, with two foremen to each crew. Additional laborers were expected before next Monday."

News Item — August 27th: A piledriver and several carloads of bridge timbers and bridge iron for the new railroad have arrived at the depot."

News Item — September 3rd: "People are busy getting out lumber for the railroad. I heard a man say the other day that he expected to go to Norway on Thanksgiving Day on the cars. I hope he will not be disappointed."

By early September a lot of the grading had been done on the line. The labor camp was now set up at Rice's Junction in East Waterford, with nearly 250 Italians on the job.

On Friday, September 5th, the trouble started which marked the beginning of the end for the new railroad. The 237 Italian laborers, referred to as "Dagoes," were supposed to be paid and there was no money. They were told the money would arrive in a day or two since the grading contractor and the president of the railroad had gone to New York to get the funds and had been delayed slightly.

The entire population of the Rice's Junction camp began to turn into a dangerous mob of angry men. By Saturday morning, still no money had arrived, and all work on the railroad ceased. The mob had become desperate; almost murderous. Reports circulated that three men were being held prisoner by the mob, but for awhile no one seemed to know just who they were.

Later, it was learned that on Friday the mob had held a huge pow-wow and seized the "sutler," Felix Certosimo; the job foreman, Robert A. Davis, a brother of the contractor; and the time-keeper, James

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Carpentry:

A Family Affair

by Anna Holt Henderson

"The history of the Holt buildings reflects, in part, the history of American building activity during the 19th and 20th centuries..."



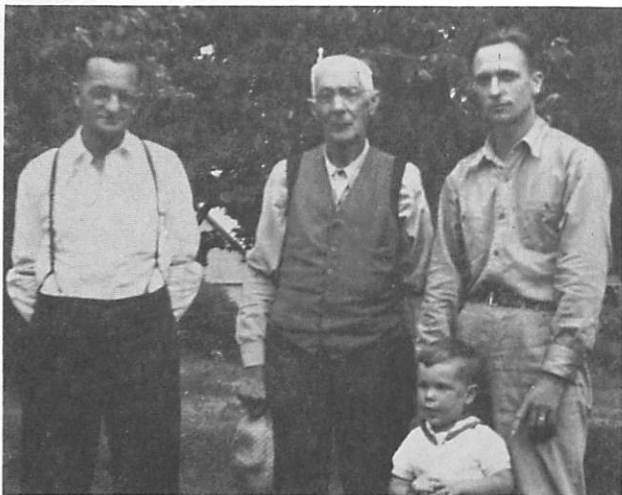
It was 189 summers ago that Jonathan Cummings engaged Darius Holt of Andover, Massachusetts and Nathan Foster, from nearby Tewksbury to fell trees on the first Cummings Purchase, which later became a part of the town of Norway. The two men arrived in time for the raising of the frames for the first Cummings mill in the month of June, 1789.

The arrival of Darius Holt to assist Cummings with the building of his mill was to mark the beginning of several generations of carpenters who built many attractive homes and other structures which still stand today in the Norway-Paris area. The history of the Holt buildings reflects, in part, the history of American building activity during the 19th and 20th centuries beginning at a time when structures were framed with mammoth, hand-hewn timbers — mortised, tenoned and pegged together and then lifted

into place by a large group of men at traditional house raisings — and ending with the appearance of various prefabricated house designs which were erected in a fraction of the time and with far less effort.

In between, the buildings built by the Holts have run the gamut from the rambling, architecturally imprecise American farmhouse to the various in-town "period dwellings" which sprang up so rapidly during the country's great 1920's building boom and harkened back to the federalist, greek revival, victorian and gothic architectural styles which had alternately captured the fancy of previous generations.

Throughout the nearly 189 year time span in which the Holts worked, the American home has remained one of the country's most prominent social symbols, a monument to those ideals which citizens of the moment have held most dear. The Holt



Harold, Otis, Leonas and Dennis Holt

buildings are a reflection of those ideals — whether they be the sturdy individualism characterized by the solid early-1800's American farmhouse or the somewhat superficial concerns for comfort and luxury which marked at least some of the period homes 100 years' later. Each generation has had its own ideas about what makes a house liveable and attractive. Fashion, experience and technological advancements have played their part in what people have come to demand from their homes. It was up to carpenters like the Holts to see that folks got whatever it was they were after.

Upon arriving in Norway in the late 1700's, Darius Holt selected a spot for his own house at the height of land overlooking Lake Pennesseewassee, which was afterwards called Fuller's Corner and is now known as Swift's Corner. The place where he built his first home was in later years called the Rollin Towne farm, situated just above the four corners. Darius lived here for four years and then moved to a lot in what was called the Waterford Three Tiers, now known as the Northwest Norway section. On this lot, he built a log cabin, a structure which, along with the Cape Cod Cottage design, has become a symbol of the simplicity of early American life.

Darius was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, having fought in the Battle of Bunker Hill, and he was the last survivor of

Norway's Revolutionary Patriots. He and his wife, Chloe, were the parents of fourteen children: eight boys and six girls. Daniel, the second son, married Dolly Flint, the daughter of another early settler of the area. They were the parents of four boys and two girls; Dennis, Albert, Melinda, Elijah, Hannah Matilda and Elbridge. Daniel was known as Captain Daniel Holt and he did not become a carpenter, but was a blacksmith by trade.

It was Dennis, the eldest son of Daniel and Dolly Ann Holt, who began a family line of carpenters that was to last four generations. Among the homes in the area constructed by Dennis during the mid-1800's is the Irving Barrows house on Park Street in Paris, just above the park on Route 26. The rambling, spacious structure is typical of the 19th century American farmhouse which constitutes such a large portion of local old-house heritage. It is a potpourri of architectural design, but with a simplicity and a solid, sprawling appearance indicative of the hardworking lifestyle practiced by farm families of the era.

Dennis was married three times. His first wife was Hannah Flint. There were four children born of this marriage: two girls and two boys. Both of the boys became carpenters, Otis Freeman, who was my grandfather, and Wilbur Danie Holt.



The Barrows farmhouse

Angie Paul of Stoneham became the second wife of my great-grandfather, Dennis Holt, and two children were born to this union; Vernon and Bertha. Vernon, better known as Vern, also took up the carpenter's trade.

Wilbur Danie Holt never married, and he spent much of his time working out of the state, settling down in Florida. But Otis, my grandfather, married Mary Anna Whitcomb in December, 1886, and was known to have lived in the house on Beal Street in Norway, built by my great-grandfather, Dennis.

Vern also settled in Florida, but Otis was to become a noted carpenter in the Norway and Paris area; with his son Harold Holt, who was my father, he built many beautiful homes that still look as they did when they were constructed more than fifty years ago.

No consulting engineers were employed in those days. Both my grandfather and my father did all their own figuring for the materials and prepared the specifications, drawing the plans for these houses. After the plans for the beautiful homes were drafted on the drawing board, they were traced to heavy tracing paper with india ink. I remember watching as blue prints were made from these tracings, using special paper, and then placed in a glass-covered frame and cooked by the sun on a nice, clear day. After a specified time, the papers were

washed with plenty of water and, behold, a beautiful, clear blueprint emerged. I still have the drawing instruments used by my grandfather and, later, by my father to draw plans for the houses they were to construct.

My father was 21 years old when he built his first house, all alone. Probably the first recollections that I have of visiting a building site under his construction was the bungalow on the corner of Pleasant and Maple Streets in Norway. This house was built especially for my grandfather's cousin Grace and her husband, George Dunn, during the "period revival" era in the first half of this century. Its design borrowed from both the Gothic Revival and Tudor styles, with crockets, gables and decorative boarding. The house itself was a departure from the more rigid formalities of the earlier classical styles incorporated in the traditional farmhouse and was indicative of a romantic nostalgia then sweeping the country. Comfort was of chief importance at the time. As I grew up, I spent many happy childhood hours in this house.

In those days, the houses were all built entirely from scratch, with each piece of lumber measured and cut to fit in its place. It took a crew of four or five men six to eight months to complete the job. All of the cement for the foundations and the mortar

for the laying of the brickwork was measured and mixed by hand in a large trough, using a hoe and a shovel. Then it was wheeled to its destination in a wheelbarrow.

The cellar-holes, I remember, were dug with a team of horses and a large scoop. And plaster was placed directly on the walls, rather than using the various modern plasterboard wall materials that come in sheets nowadays.

I guess that one of the next houses that I can remember seeing under construction was the former Stephen Jellison place on Pleasant Street in Norway, now the home of John Cullinan. Built during the 1920's great building boom, the home's tree-lined

snapped on the "side curtains" to keep out the cold breezes. It was right after dinner on a Sunday afternoon, probably late in November because the ground was frozen and it looked like snow, that the two men harnessed up the old tin lizzie to drive to Pleasant Street to stoke up the fires keeping certain portions of the house from freezing.

We lived at the far end of the Milletville section of Norway, about a mile from the Greenwood town line. My father was born in Everett, Massachusetts, where my grandfather Holt went to work as a carpenter. My Dad was 12 years old when he was brought to Norway and my grandfather and my great uncle Wilbur proceeded to tear



The Dunn "period revival" house

exterior had already become a symbol of rural New England village life. The home's dignified design, complete with a large expanse of windows, and front door flanked by delicate columns and topped by a fanlight, harkens back to the federal classic period which flourished following the country's revolutionary war.

I can remember very plainly that it was getting to be quite cold weather when my folks were working on that residence. My father had a Model T Ford touring car with no heater, and when it was real cold, he

down the old Columbus Richardson place in Milletville, and to build the Dutch Colonial styled house that still stands in that location.

My mother and father were married in 1914 and settled down in Milletville. Mother was the daughter of William Herbert Hobbs, a direct descendent of Jeremiah Hobbs, one of Norway's first settlers. There were four of us children; three girls and one boy.

My brother, Leonas, is a carpenter also. He has been employed by Emery's Builders in

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Making It

Lovell Pewter

by Pat White Gorrie

When you stumble upon the Lovell Pewter place after bumping along the Old Waterford Road, you're left slightly breathless, wondering what to take in first.

Along the Chinese wall that rims the farm, an old English sheepdog gallops to greet you, his matted mop flying in the breeze, imaginary sheep scattering in his wake to the four corners of the walled-in pasture. The rocks, six feet wide in some places, stretch for miles, lifted into place 200 years ago by the area's most renowned wall-builders, the Charles brothers. Walls wind throughout the property, among stands of birch, through open fields, along the house garden and in and out of vineyards. We in Maine are used to the beauty of old stone walls, but the ones on the Kantro grounds are a hallmark of design, durability, and backbreaking labor. It is difficult to tear your eyes away from them.

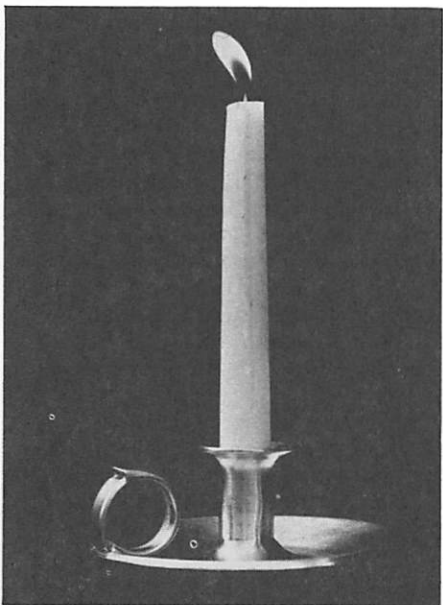
But then your vision is led toward the Cinerama view of the White Mountains, which overlap in the distance in muted mauve tones. In contrast, your eye is drawn to the weathered barn off to your right, with its antique farm equipment, iron tub, and old chair stationed outside a rustic door, waiting for a yard sale.

Like the rose on a frosted cake, the large and gracious house stands as if awaiting your admiration for the past 150 years. It was empty for a third of a century after being owned by just one family in all those generations. The Kantros discovered the place the day after it was put on the market and it was in the stars that they should get it, so perfect was the timing. Its wide Tara-like porch beckons you to come sit awhile in its shade. You hear laughter and see a ball tossed across the sloping front lawn by the Kantros' laughing children.

A lovely, lean brunette who turns out to be Joan Kantro walks toward you with a welcoming smile, snatching up a yellow-eyed cat and reaching a silver-ringed hand up to stroke it.

"Oh — here's Ken!" She smiles at her handsome, curly-haired husband as he comes through the wide, open blacksmith's door of the workshop which adjoins the house.

"Come see my shop," Ken says, and in you go. Pewter gleams like scattered mica in the semi-darkness, its soft patina catching the light and bouncing off curves and rims and openwork. Silver baby porringers rest against candlestick holders. Beautifully



Ken Kantro at work





Pewter Display

crafted bowls, plates and creamers sit among tankards and cups and beakers. The pieces are all of 18th century design and perfect workmanship, yet varying enough in detail and feel to have that one-of-a-kind stamp which Ken gives each creation. No pop art here, but after a coaxing Ken will reveal a box of small, unusual pieces that he explains shyly will be made into ornaments such as pins and necklaces. It is plain to see, though, that his real aim is to duplicate the work of 18th century silversmiths. Books on the period lie everywhere and make up an extensive library of pewter design.

The Kantro studio has been in actual existence only a short while, but it existed for several years in dream form. It was in 1975 that Ken and Joan found the old house and decided it was a perfect place for them, with its feeling of spaciousness and antiquity, its isolation, and the ready-made shop and barn. They've been zip-guarding floors and insulating walls ever since, but the labor is one of love and joy. Ken's dream has come to fruition. He has his pewter shop where he can cast, mold, fire, hammer and design traditional, useful items using the metal he loves best.

His training in crafts began with clay. It was in Portland, where he was teaching

pottery-making, that he met Joan, who was a student in his class. Ken's first use of pewter was experimental, an attempt to incorporate bits and bands of the material in his clay pots in order to enhance their design and originality. Gradually, his feel for pewter overpowered his love of clay and he began to work exclusively with it, learning about its facets from every available source. Jim Hamlin, a casting specialist from North Bridgton, was one of the most helpful silversmiths Ken came to know, and was influential in his decision to devote himself almost exclusively to 18th century classic designs.

Ken's fame is spreading rapidly, not only locally, but state-wide and throughout the country. Tourists discover *Lovell Pewter* by accident, are impressed and thrilled by what they see, and go back home with something fine and enduring. Soon they write to the Kantros, ordering more items.

The fire seldom goes out and the sounds of Ken Kantro smithing his silver reverberate off the old wood walls and trail out the open door into the trees and hills, mixing with the laughter of little girls.



CRICKET

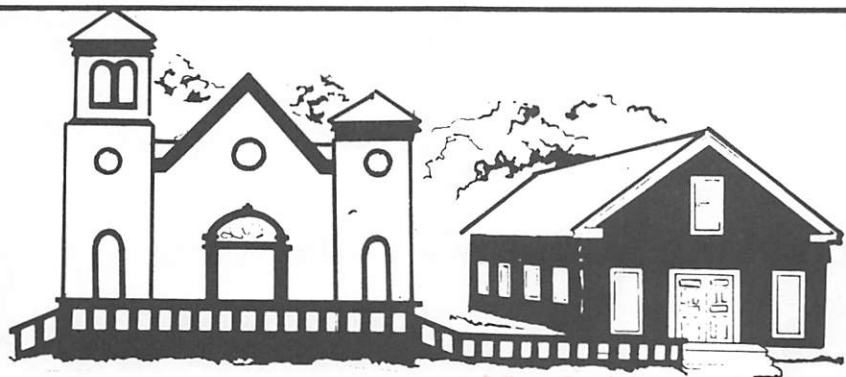
it's August 12th
and 73° fahrenheit
at midnight

crickets sing a warmer song
of lovers meeting
and next year's crickets
— those who won't feed
the winter mouse
or mole or vole

the August night is listening
to cricket singing
warmly
loving the winter mouse
and mole and vole

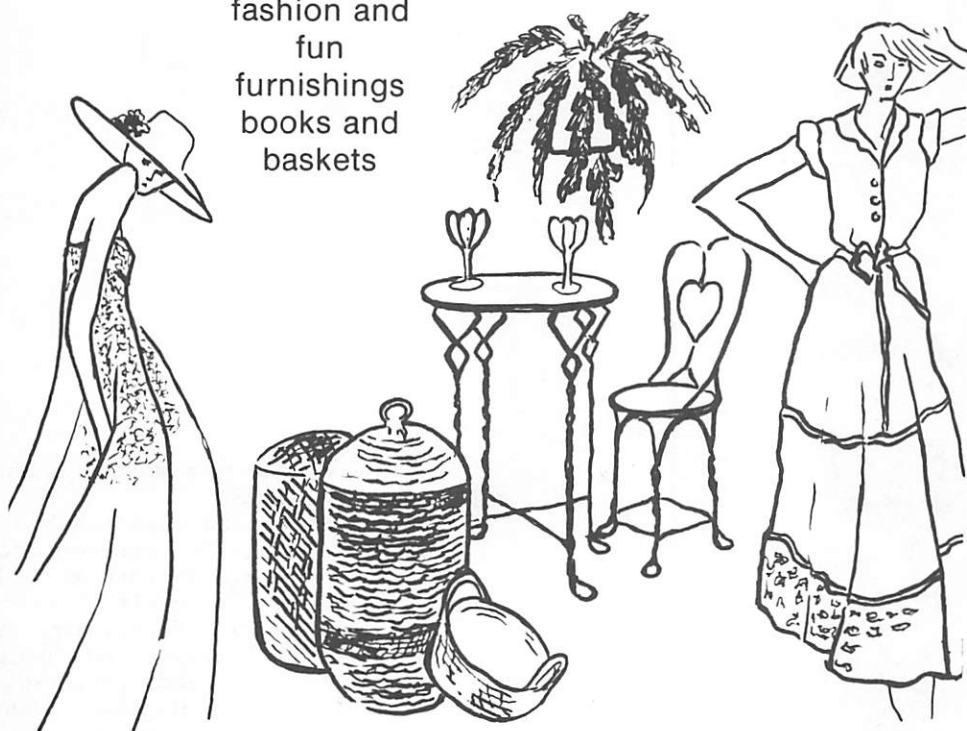
all together now
crrrrrickit

*Winslow Durgin
Minot*



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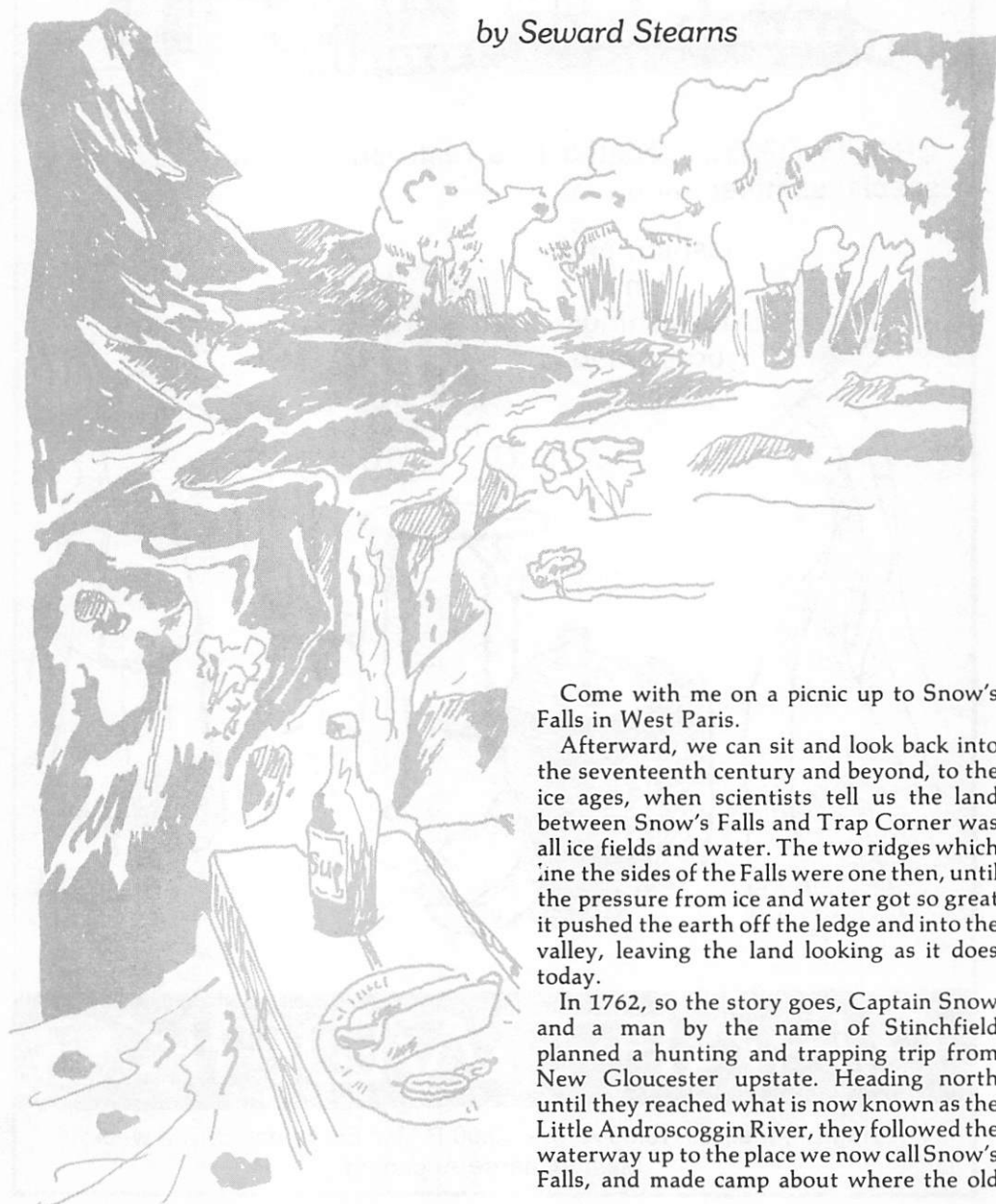
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Heading Out

Picnicking at Snow's Falls

by Seward Stearns



Come with me on a picnic up to Snow's Falls in West Paris.

Afterward, we can sit and look back into the seventeenth century and beyond, to the ice ages, when scientists tell us the land between Snow's Falls and Trap Corner was all ice fields and water. The two ridges which line the sides of the Falls were one then, until the pressure from ice and water got so great it pushed the earth off the ledge and into the valley, leaving the land looking as it does today.

In 1762, so the story goes, Captain Snow and a man by the name of Stinchfield planned a hunting and trapping trip from New Gloucester upstate. Heading north until they reached what is now known as the Little Androscoggin River, they followed the waterway up to the place we now call Snow's Falls, and made camp about where the old

hotel once stood (now the site of Katie's Kitchen Restaurant).

After building camp, Snow heard strange noises and, taking his gun, stepped outside to come face-to-face with an Indian chief. The Captain gave the Indian the signal of surrender. But, as the Chief walked closer, he pulled his gun and shot the Indian in the breast. Snow did not know that there were many other Indians around who, in turn, killed the Captain.

The Indians buried their chief, took Stinchfield and started for Canada, where they planned to sacrifice the white man in turn for the murder of their leader.

On the shores of Lake Umbagog, the Indians spent days feasting. All the while, Stinchfield was watching for a chance to escape. Finally, he managed to make his way back into the woods far enough so the Indians couldn't find him. He eventually got back to New Gloucester; where, after telling what had happened to Snow, he assembled a small band of people to return to the spot where the killing took place. The party took Snow's slashed body and buried it on the east side of the river under a beech tree. The grave, marked with small stones and a boulder, was dug on land now known as the Charney Curtis farm.

To the west side of the Falls, in the area now known as the Buck neighborhood, at the height of land which is practically all ledge, there is a hole measuring about two feet by eighteen inches. The opening resembles those in which the Indians once ground their grain. Nearby, there is also a small burying yard with several graves. All the markers are made of common field stones with inscriptions on them. Both the hole and the graveyard are believed to be connected to the Indians march from the Falls to Canada.

Henry Stone, a very good friend of mine, and Merton Curtis, went to this place and found the cemetery, but they did not find the hole. They were planning to go back, but Mr. Stone was stricken ill and died before he could make the return trip. My age will not allow me to travel the distance since the land is all woodland with no houses.

I also have been told by the old people of today, who in turn were told by old people of yesterday, that there is quite a large cave in the ledge and in the area's high land.

A story was told by Molly Ockett, an

Indian woman living in this part of the country in the nineteenth century, to my great-grandfather, William Stearns, who settled on Stearns Hill in 1789, that the body of the Chief was taken down to the river and stamped into the mud so that the white people would not be able to retrieve it. It is also said that the boulder at the head of Snow's grave had the word "Snow" scratched on it.

Let us now move up to about the middle of the nineteenth century, when a little settlement began to grow around Snow's Falls. Phineas Stearns and his two sons were the first to build a mill and use the water for power for the manufacture of chairs. This factory was burned after about five years, but the building was immediately rebuilt by William Chase and converted into a paper mill. The mill burned again in about another five years. Next, a wood pulp mill was built by the Exeter Wood Pulp Company, but the company failed after a short time. The next company to settle here was the Linen Mfg. Company with John F. Wood as controller, but this was an experimental company and also lasted but a few years. The factory was taken down and the lumber used to construct a building in West Paris Village.

Legend has it that on one of Molly Ockett's trips from Bethel to Paris Hill, the Indian princess called on the people of Snow's Falls for rest and food and was refused. For revenge, she supposedly placed an Indian curse on the area, insuring that nothing would ever prosper there, and that the Valley would always be a "hungry hollow." For many years, the section was called by this name, but in later years it has been known as Pleasant Valley.

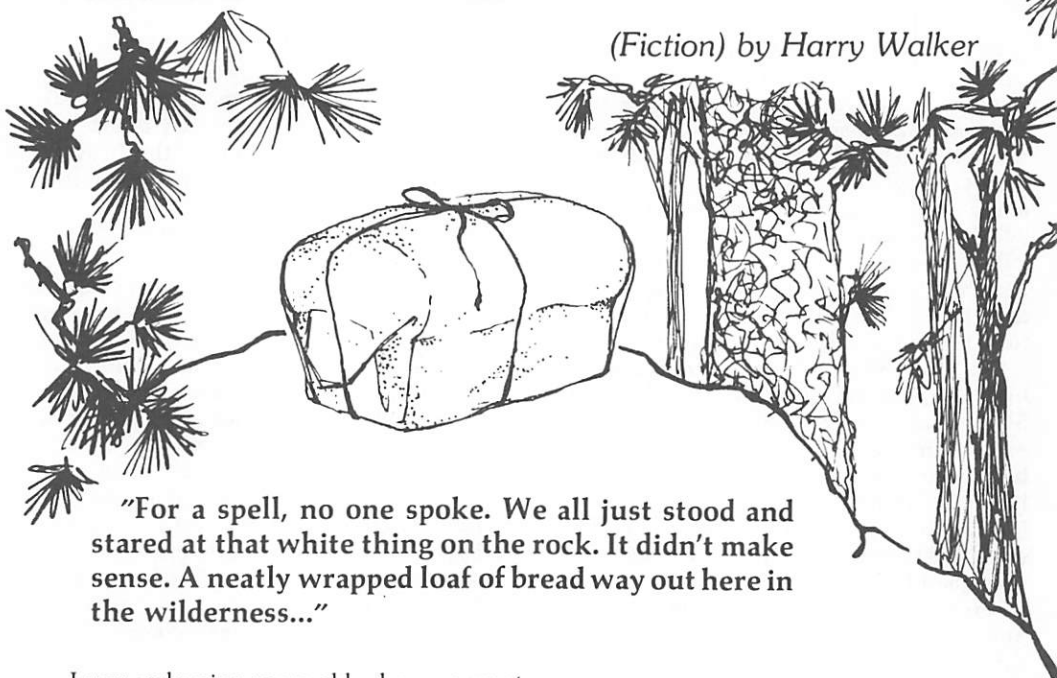
Now, as we make our way back to our picnic table, let us reflect on what fascinating things nature and history hold for us to enjoy. Come on up.

Seward P. Stearns
Paris, Maine

Stearns, 91, is a revered Paris historian who remembers church and school picnics at Snow's Falls long before the state built the present rest area when the road was widened in the 1950's. As a boy, he and his friends would pack their baskets and head for the George Hammond Homestead. Hammond, who ran a store and post office for many years, generously opened the lush maple grove he owned on the banks of the falls to picnickers each year.

Bread In The Wilderness

(Fiction) by Harry Walker



"For a spell, no one spoke. We all just stood and stared at that white thing on the rock. It didn't make sense. A neatly wrapped loaf of bread way out here in the wilderness..."

I was only nine years old when we went trout fishing on the East Branch of the Saco River, but I will never forget what happened that day.

"We start haying tomorrow," Father announced at breakfast. "The scythes are sharpened and the hayracks are greased. Who would like to have some fun today, like going fishing?"

"I would! I would!" I said, bouncing up and down in my chair and spilling some oatmeal. I had been fishing since I was six, a real nut about the sport.

My two older brothers, whom I will call Sim and Ben, also seconded Dad's suggestion. "Where will we go, Charles Pond?" asked Sim, spearing a pancake.

"Not this time. We're going to try the East Branch of the Saco River."

We boys stared at each other. We didn't know where the east branch was. We knew that the Saco ran through Conway and Fryeburg, wide and beautiful with spacious beaches and sturdy covered bridges.

"Where in the heck is this 'east branch'?" Ben asked Dad, frowning enough for the rest of us.

Dad jerked a thumb at the west window behind him, at the mountains in the middle

distance that are the eastern range of the White Mountains.

"It rises up there back of Mt. Eastman and flows southwest until it becomes part of the Saco. Some folks call it Slippery Brook. It's so remote few people fish it."

"I hope you won't get lost," Mom called from the pantry.

"Cousin Fred will guide us," Dad replied. "I saw him yesterday and we made plans. He and Harold will pick us up in an hour. So let's finish eating and get ready."

Mom offered to put up a good lunch. "You'll get an appetite tramping around in those woods," she smiled.

With great enthusiasm, my brothers and I got out our poles and lines and hooks, dug two cans of angleworms and found a grimy bottle of evil-smelling mosquito dope.

At eight o'clock, Fred arrived in a wide old touring car, a Winton, driven by his son-in-law Harold. The four of us piled in and were driven three miles up the Cold River road.

With a flourish, our driver swung the vehicle into the yard of a big brick house and braked it to a jerky halt. We five fishermen tumbled out, then Harold drove away after promising Fred he would meet us on the



Eastman Road in Chatham Center around four o'clock.

We headed down a grassy lane past the brick house and toward the woods. There was one more house to pass, an unpainted, shabby structure at the end of the lane. As we approached it, a gaunt, stooped man of about sixty appeared on the sagging porch and waved an arm at us.

"Going to give the trout hell today, I see," he rasped.

"Hope to have some luck," Fred responded. "How are things with you, Aaron?"

"Could be worse. Come on in and have some coffee. It's still on the stove."

"Well, I dunno," Fred shrugged. "We just..."

"Aw, come on in," Aaron urged. "The boys would like to see my bear's head."

"Sure, let's," Ben chirped.

While Dad and Fred drank coffee from tin mugs, Sim and Ben and I gaped at a moth-eaten bear's head hung on a wall of the musty living room. The size of the bear's teeth made us shudder. I almost said that

maybe we should think twice about going into the mountains. Could always fish Cold River.

Ten minutes later we were back on the trail.

"Old Aaron Evans is friendly today," Dad commented.

"Sure is," Fred agreed. "Usually he'll hardly speak, though he must be lonely. He should go and live with his brother Jacob in East Conway."

We left Oxford County and ventured into New Hampshire. Walking in the woods was a pleasure. The early July sun sent shafts of light down through towering pines and firs, highlighting graceful ferns and making mica-flecked rocks glisten like gems. The pure air was like a tonic in our lungs.

The trail we followed westward was faint. Stocky Fred went first in line since he knew the way. We climbed a ridge and went down the other side; then up another, higher ridge. As we descended the other side, Fred stopped abruptly and held up a hand. We all paused, became quiet.

"Thought I saw a movement up ahead," Fred whispered. Moments later he shrugged, then went on. "Guess not."

Soon he stopped again, staring intently to his right.

"Now what in tarnation is that?"

The rest of us moved up around him and followed his gaze. On a sizeable rock a few yards away was a white object about the size of a loaf of bread. In fact, it *was* a loaf of bread, wrapped in heavy opaque waxed paper and tied with twine.

For a spell no one spoke. We all just stood and stared at that white thing on the rock. It didn't make sense. A neatly wrapped loaf of bread way out here in the wilderness.

A strange sensation crept over me. This was weird. The loaf was so out of place. Almost like something from out-of-space. I shivered but I wasn't cold.

Finally someone spoke. Ben asked, "Is it — bread?"

"It is," said Dad. He moved to the rock, put a hand on the loaf and squeezed it gently. I joined him and placed the back of my hand against the side of the loaf. It felt a bit warm and I said so, excitedly.

"Can't be," said Fred. "Probably been here for days. Some fisherman must have discarded his lunch."

His opinion didn't impress me a bit. The bread *was* slightly warm. And the sun wasn't on it. Trees shaded the rock.

"What'll we do with it?" Sim asked Dad.

"Nothing. It isn't ours. Let's keep moving."

Half an hour later we reached the sparkling clear east branch. Its water bubbled over millions of little stones and plunged between larger rocks into pools where we could discern trout even as we hurriedly baited our hooks.

Fish in wilderness waters have little fear of man. They bite with abandon. In two hours the five of us had caught sixty trout, but none measured over seven inches long. We had room in our fish baskets for many more, and in those days there was no limit to the number one could keep.

I was having a grand time but I couldn't forget about that loaf of bread back beside the trail. It stuck in my mind like a gob of spruce gum to its tree. How had the bread gotten there? Had it been forgotten by some hiker or left intentionally? My mind kept churning over the possibilities.

I could tell that Sim was bothered by the

bread, too, as he often looked back toward the trail with a puzzled expression on his wide, tanned face. Finally I asked him what he thought about the loaf of bread.

"I don't know what to think but I'd sure like to find out something," he said seriously. "It bothers me."

At noon we all sat down on the mossy bank of the stream and Ben pulled the plump brown bag containing our lunch from the canvas shoulder satchel he wore. We shelled hard-boiled eggs and ate them, along with thick sandwiches of homemade bread filled with dairy butter and crumbled crisp bacon. For dessert, we downed chunks of ginerbread and slabs of strong cheese. To drink, we scooped pure water from the stream with cupped hands.

Dad rose and looked at his watch.

"Don't keep any more small trout," he told us boys. "Our baskets will overflow if we keep all that bite. Toss back any under six inches."

At three o'clock, Fred's basket was full and our two baskets, carried by Dad and Sim, were almost filled. Sim suddenly took his basket off his arm and held it out to Dad.

"Have Ben carry this. I'm going back the way we came in."

Dad's jaw dropped two inches. "You're what?"

"That's right, Dad," Sim said. "I've just got to know if that loaf of bread is still there. I won't sleep tonight if I don't find out."

"Well, I'll be damned. You really mean it, don't you?"

"I do. And don't worry about me. I know right where the trail hits the stream. I won't get lost. I'll walk down from the brick house. I should be home by six, easy."

Dad shrugged in resignation. "Oh, all right. But be darn careful."

My big brother gave me his pole and soon disappeared upstream among the trees. I felt a twinge of apprehension as I stared after him. Sim was fifteen and sharp in the ways of the forest, but walking alone in the mountains could be dangerous.

The east branch of the Saco runs, at one point, within a few hundred yards of a pond in the mountains named, appropriately enough, Mountain Pond. As we reached this point, a well-defined trail leading eastward told us we had found the place to wind up our lines and head for home. We walked leisurely by the pond and down a wide ridge trail to

flat land.

Harold was waiting for us at the wheel of his Winton.

"Where's Sim?" he inquired.

"He went back upstream for a loaf of bread," Ben told him.

Harold looked so puzzled that we burst into laughter. Then Dad told him about the bread.

"Hmm, maybe someone's starting a bakery for birds," Harold joked. Then he got out with the crank and spun the car's motor to life.

We reached our old farm at Stow's Corner in fifteen minutes.

"Where on earth is Sim?" Mom asked as we got out of the Winton with our gear and fish. We quickly told her about the loaf of bread and of Sim's determination to learn more about it if he could. Mom's face clouded with concern.

"But those woods are so thick. What if he strays off the trail?"

"He won't," Dad assured her. "Sim's no child."

Dad sent me for the cows and told Ben to start cleaning the hundred or so trout. I found our six Jerseys and tied them up in the barn across the road from our house, and soon Dad started milking them.

My mind was on Sim up there in the mountains and I knew Dad was thinking of him too. He kept looking at his watch, even though it was barely after five. As Dad finished with a cow, I would carry the milk up to the house where Mom, in time, would put it through the DeLaval separator. Each time I made the trip, I would look up the road hoping to see Sim, and each time I returned, Dad would ask if I could spot him.

We usually ate supper at six o'clock, but not this night. Sim hadn't appeared and all of us were becoming worried.

"Keep the food warm," Dad instructed Mom. "We'll eat when he gets here, and not before."

Six-thirty came and still no sign of Sim. Suddenly, Dad could stand it no longer. "I'm going up and meet him," he announced grimly. "Help me harness up Jerry, Ben."

Minutes later Dad was in the buggy heading up Cold River Valley behind speedy Jerry. Ben and I clustered about Mom in the doorway.

"What has happened to Sim, Mom?" I blurted, tearfully.

Mom said nothing. She put a comforting arm tightly about Ben and me and looked long at the darkening mountain.

An hour passed. I was hungry and almost sick with dread. Mom kept the wood fire going and toyed with the food on the back of the stove, her face grave. Once Ben reached for a bun and Mom rapped his knuckles with a fork.

At last we heard the welcome sound of buggy wheels in our driveway and rushed to the door. Sim was climbing down from the buggy.

"He was coming down the lane by the brick house," Dad called to us. "And was he glad to see me!"

As Sim came toward us, he limped noticeably.

"You're hurt!" Mom cried. "What happened?"

"Got my right foot caught in some rocks."

"The bread? Was it still there?" I asked impatiently.

"No. It was gone. I stepped around the rock to see if the bread was on the ground and my foot slipped down between that rock and a smaller one."

"You mean you got hung up?" Ben was skeptical.

"Like a bear in a trap. I pulled and yanked, but it only hurt my ankle. So I stopped struggling."

"Then what did you do?" Mom asked, worriedly.

"I yelled and hollered for maybe twenty

SPIDER

Gray

Furry

Incandescent in the morning mist,

He keeps his watch

At the old shed door.

Dawn sighs...

With breath that stirs

The hundred thousand lights

That jewel the web.

He upside down,

I right-side up!

Together

We view

Our topsy-turvey world!

Janice Bigelow

West Minot

minutes. I thought nobody would ever hear me, but somebody did."

We waited for him to go on, spellbound. Sim took his time, enjoying being the center of attention.

"I heard a footstep behind me but I couldn't turn and look because of my stuck foot. Then something hit me on top of my head, a big fist, I think, and stunned me for a half minute or so. When I came to, my foot was free. The smaller rock had been moved and the person was gone."

"Who could it have been?" Mom wondered. "Aaron Evans?"

"It wasn't him," Sim said, vetoing the idea quickly. "When I limped by his house, he came out on his porch and stared at me. Just stared; said nothing. He really looked puzzled."

Dad came up from the barn. "Well, what do you all think of Sim's tale?"

"I'm flabbergasted," Mom confessed. "Somebody in those mountains did Sim a favor but didn't want to be seen. I wonder if the loaf of bread was his."

"Could have been," Dad admitted. "The whole thing's a mystery to me. We may never know the explanation."

But we were to know in only a few months. One October evening all of us were in the living room after supper. Dad was reading *The Fryeburg Reporter* when he uttered an exclamation and dropped the apple he was eating.

"What is it?" Mom asked, putting down her sewing.

"This could explain that loaf of bread we found. Listen: 'Store break-in solved. Culprit turns self in, confesses to burglarizing New Hampshire store a year ago. Jacob Wiggin hides out in woodsman's shack on side of Mt. Eastman. Gives self up to avoid hardship of another winter in mountains.'"

"Jacob Wiggin!" Mom exclaimed. "Why, he's a half-brother to Aaron Evans! They had the same mother."

Suddenly we were all talking at once. It was as though a jigsaw puzzle of that July day's events had been dumped on a table before us and all the pieces were magically fitting themselves into place to form a complete picture.

"It was Jacob Wiggin who hit Sim on the head and moved the rock!"

"Yes, and it was Aaron Evans who put the bread on the big rock! It was for Jacob!"

"You're right! And Aaron invited us into his place hoping to give Jacob time to pick up the loaf before we got to it!"

"Fred really did see something up ahead like he thought! It was Jacob coming from his shack to get the bread."

Dad handed the paper to Mom and retrieved his apple from the carpet. "It's clear enough now. The store Jacob broke into that night is in Intervale. He took the cash and filled a sack with small groceries, like cans of sardines and tins of meat, then took off on foot over Hurricane Mountain, in this direction. He knew about the shack on Mt. Eastman, obviously, and kept going north until he reached it."

"Then he got in touch with Aaron," Sim put in. "And Aaron agreed to help him some, like baking bread and leaving it in a certain place for Jacob to pick up."

"What a pity," Mom sighed sadly. "Jacob always was a shiftless one, and Aaron's not much better."

"Jacob didn't dare take a step out of the woods, thinking that the sheriff was looking for him," Dad added. "But, in fact, the law had no idea who had robbed the store. Jacob could have lived anywhere."

Thus did our fishing trip to the east branch of the Saco River generate more excitement than we had expected. Even today, the same strange feeling that I experienced as a boy of nine steals over me whenever I think of that loaf of bread on its rock out there in the mountains. It was so out of place, and the implications of its presence there were so incomprehensible.

Just bread in the wilderness, that's all it was. But I can't forget it.

Walker, a resident of Pike's Hill in Norway, spent his boyhood days in Stow.



SEEDS

*There once was a farmer from Leeds
Who swallowed a handful of seeds.*

*It soon came to pass
He was covered with grass,
And couldn't sit down for the weeds.*

*Jeffrey Dubay
Norway*

WEST PARIS OLD HOME DAYS

AUG. 11th & 12th

FRIDAY

5 pm - **Pot Luck Supper**

West Paris Fire Station

6 pm - **Kiddie Horrible Parade**

East Butterfield Militia Band

Miss West Paris Contest

SATURDAY

11 am - **Grand Parade**

Northern Lights Band

5:30 pm - **Chicken Barbeque**

West Paris Fire Station

(home made pies, too!)

9 pm-1 am - **Dance**

Music for all by *The Outcasts*

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Grand Prize 16 ft. Canoe!

Food Booths, games, moon bounce, jail
clown alley, dunking booth

Starting Fri. pm - thru Sat. pm

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by

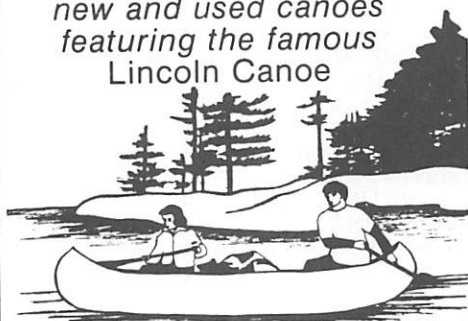
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Goings On

ART

MAINE GUILD OF SPINNERS & WEAVERS: Treat Gallery, Bates College, Lewiston, July 15-Aug. 26. Gallery hours: Mon.-Fri. 1-4 p.m. and for one hour before each Summer Stage performance.

WESTERN MAINE ART GROUP: Aug. 1-13, *Paintings by Lajos Matolcsy*; Aug. 15-27, *Paintings by Ruth Boynton*; Sept. 28-30, and Nov. 16-19, *Celebration Mime Theatre's Community Pottery Program* display and workshop.

THIRD ANNUAL ART & ARTISAN'S SHOW AND SALE: benefiting the Cahrlotte Hobbs Memorial Library, Sat. Aug. 19, 11 a.m.-4 p.m., Millbank Manor, corner of RTs. 5 & 9, Lovell; professional quality artwork & crafts colorfully displayed outdoors.

PAINTINGS BY THE GREATER RUMFORD COMMUNITY ADULT ART CLASSES: at the Rumford Community Hospital, through Sept. 8.

SUMMER SALES

SUMMER HOME & HEARTH SALE: Aug. 5, Norway Universalist Church. Supper at 5:30.

CHRIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH ANNUAL FAIR: Sat., Aug. 5, corner Green St. & Main St., Norway. Famous yearly auction, beautiful crafts, bake sale & luncheonette. Rain date: Sat., Aug. 12.

OTISFIELD LADIES AUXILIARY SUMMER SALE: Sat., Aug. 12, 10 a.m. - 2 p.m. Otisfield Community Hall; Arts & crafts, home-baked foods, plants, rummage, white elephant items; lunch served.

"THE FLOWER GARDEN": St. Joseph's Church, Bridgton, Aug. 12, 2 - 9 p.m.; flowers, white elephant table, gifts, food & produce, snack bar.

THEATRE

SUMMER STAGE AT BATES COLLEGE: will present *The Man Who Came To Dinner* (George Kaufman & Moss Hart); *The Little Foxes* (Lillian Hellman); *Skin Of Our Teeth* (Thornton Wilder); *Wizard Of Oz* (adapted by Paul Benedict); Schaefer Theatre, Lewiston, through Aug. 27. For schedule information, Call 784-2272.

THEATRE AT MONMOUTH: "The Shakespearean Theatre of Maine" will present *Volpone*, opening Aug. 10; *Old King Cole*, opening Aug. 16, Cumston Hall, Monmouth. Call 933-2952 for schedule info.

CELEBRATION MIME THEATRE: Stockfarm Rd., South Paris; Improvisational work, experimental work, and the art of story-telling, plus

MAINE COTTAGE MAKES IT OR BREAKS IT

This is a make-it-or-break-it year for the Maine Cottage, a non-profit outlet for local handicrafts, now in its seventh year.

"Either we get the local support we need this summer or we don't go on," says shop manager Thelma Merrill, who moved from business manager to general manager this season. "We can't continue to rely on the summer trade."

Although the store, situated at the head of Norway's Main Street, managed only 65 per cent of its usual business last year, it still turned back about \$10,500 to the 300 producers who market everything from stained glass lamps to home-cooked candy there.

Merrill is banking on local support to help boost sales to their 1976 high of \$36,000. Part of her pitch to the local populace is to make folks aware that, just because an item is hand-made, it isn't necessarily expensive.

"We're not asking people to spend any more money than they ordinarily would," says Merrill, who credits the economic crunch for at least a portion of the Cottage's plight. "But we are asking folks who are going to buy a gift anyway to give us a try."

Should the doors of the Maine Cottage eventually close for lack of business, the shop's demise will leave a lot of grandmothers who have been knitting for years with no way to continue their handiwork, according to Merrill.

surprises, Fri. & Sat. evenings at 8 p.m. For more information, call 743-8452 days/743-2125 nights. Admission: adults \$2/ children \$1 at the door; arrive early.

HUCKLEBERRYING WITH THOREAU: An original one-man play featuring Louis J. Alessio of The Theatre At Monmouth as Henry David Thoreau, Aug. 11, 8 p.m., Hebron Academy; Admission free.

MUSIC

SEBAGO-LONG LAKE REGION CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL: Concerts at 8 p.m., Bridgton Academy Chapel, No. Bridgton; Aug. 1, *Respighi, Knight, Bach, Roussel*; Aug. 8, *Telemann, Beethoven, Brahms*; plus Recital Series 7:30 p.m. Aug. 3. For more information, write Box 147, No. Bridgton, Maine 04057.

COMMUNITY BAND CONCERTS: Bridgton, Wednesdays, 7:30 p.m., at the bandstand behind the First National Food Store.

THE MAINE OPERA ASSOCIATION: will present *The Barber of Seville*, Deertrees Theatre, Harrison, Aug. 10, 8:15 p.m., directed by Kurt Safir.

ETC.

SECOND ANNUAL LOVELL ROAD RACE: Lovell True Value, Aug. 12, 10 a.m.; 4.5 miles; Registration by mail or 9 a.m. Aug. 12. Entry fee: \$2.00.

CASCO BAY MARATHON: sponsored by the Union Mutual Life Insurance Co. and the Portland Parks & Recreation Depts., Sun., Sept. 17, 9 a.m.; beginning outside the Portland Exposition Bldg. and running the 26 miles to Portland Stadium track. Entry blanks available by writing P. O. Box 3172, Portland, Me. 04104.

THE MOLLY OCKETT RIDE: Fast on the heels of the Pine Tree 100 Mile Competitive Trail Ride, held in late July, the Molly Ockett Ride, sponsored by the Arabian Horse Association of Maine, Inc.,

... Page 29

SATURDAY NIGHT SUMMER FEVER

Summer was grabbed by the arm and embraced heartily over at the CELEBRATION Barn recently, with a lot of sassy, funky Saturday-night-fever. (So what if it was Wednesday?) Mimes and potters rocked, rolled, boogied, and boggled the eye after a hard day's work spent either practicing illusions under prime-mime Tony Montanaro's direction or getting Scott Currie and Company's fledgling Christian Ridge Pottery off-the-ground in the Barn's basement.

The surprise star of the evening was lanky Alan Day. Usually shut up in the office managing the Celebration Mime Troupe, he out-Travolta'd John on the dance floor with his rivetting strut. Claire Sikoryak arrived late but entered flying (adagio-style) right into student Rob Salafia's upraised hands. Entrepreneur Benny Reehl and his beautiful brunette wife, Denise, (of Buckfield Leather 'n Lather) were there keeping up with the beat, as was Garbo, the newly-bearded half of the famous Celebration Duet, who was gearing into a vacation mood prior to taking off for a juggler's convention in Oregon. (In September, Garbo will teach a clown workshop at the Ringling Brothers' Venice, Florida circus training center, a place he once yearned to attend as a student.)

Between trips to the popcorn-wok and punchbowl, Ram Montanaro, Davis Robinson and Mike Cooper did a mean hustle, chorus-line fashion, and Lisa Kotin, Ruth Rosenfeld, Carol Tanzman and Hillary Chaplain couldn't resist joining the line.

Statuesque, blonde Sue Willard, just back from Pakistan, where she designed tents for the natives, mostly sat, sipped and took it all in.

Barn mice Jonathan Gorrie and Gabe Montanaro followed and "aped" Jonathan Kligler, the evening's pied piper, while he flipped, puppet-glided and walked on his hands. Kligler is used tokids. Back home in Connecticut he teaches mime and dance in children's workshops.

BitterSweet's own Pat White Gorrie was tapped on the shoulder by a gleaming Ram Montanaro. "Wanta' dance with a barbarian?" he asked.

"There's a first time for everything," she said.

Speaking of firsts, CELEBRATION'S Christian Ridge Pottery will host Michael Cardew, world-famous potter, September 30th through October 1st, for a weekend of demonstrations, films, and a special mime performance. To reserve your place, call 743-8452. Hurry, registration is limited.



THE WONDER OF CENTER LOVELL

The old store in Center Lovell, now the home of Kezar Lake Handcrafters, did a brisk business in the 1900's, catering to summer visitors and those members of old Center Lovell families who had established vacation homes in the area. Folks named the place "The Wonder" because, they said, customers wondered if the storekeeper would carry a certain item and the storekeeper wondered where he had put it. All in all, it was a wonder if you got what you were after.

The store at the Center was operated for some years by Abel Heald. In 1858, Isaac Hamlin joined Mr. Heald and it became Heald and Hamlin. From that time on the place changed ownership and management frequently.

In 1892, Seth Heald is known to have been the storekeeper and from then on the names Heald, Kimball, Stearns and Walker are the ones most frequently associated with both the Center store and the store in Lovell Village. Both old stores housed all the needs of the immediate community — food stuffs,

dry goods, farm supplies, hardware and, of course, the Post Office, complete with pot-bellied stove.

In the Old Center Store, a massive old ice chest stands against the south wall where today it appropriately displays antique glass, china, silver, tin and woodenware.

The shop, operated by Renee Dutton and Jane Gleason, attempts to capture the "yesteryear flavor" in its display of handcrafts. Barrels, barn boards, school desks from the village schoolhouse, an old wooden sled, and discarded benches are used to display an impressive array of pottery, toys, Christmas ornaments, ski sweaters, jewelry, lamps, pillows, baby items and patchwork quilts which are a cut above the standard craft shop fare.

The shop still enjoys the patronage of both townspeople and summer folk who just drop in to say a leisurely hello, exchange a bit of news and browse among the unique work of some of New England's best craftsmen. At Kezar Lake Handcrafters, you get the best of both worlds.



Kezar Lake Handcrafters, then and now

will get under way at the Oxford County Fairgrounds Sept. 9; although shorter than its summer counterpart, the Molly Ockett Ride is sure to test the stamina and skill of both horse and rider, according to sponsors.

One of the fastest growing sports in the nation, competitive trail riding is designed to foster interest in the breeding and use of fine saddle horses. Competitors are judged not on the speed with which horses cover the course, but by the animal's condition at the completion of the ride. For more information, contact Estella Moxcey, West Buxton, Tel. (207) 727-3420.

SPECIALS:

SPECTRA I: A major inter-art exhibition of painting/graphics, literature, music, sculpture, photography and dance/theatre; to be held at Westbrook College, May-June, 1979. Sponsored by the Maine Association for Women in the Fine and Performing Arts and Westbrook College; to promote and give exposure to year-round Maine resident artists. Contributions of art, writing, theatre, music, and photography by women sought. Contact Sue Ostroff, Box 168, Hallowell, Maine 04347.

ANDROSCOGGIN FARMER'S MARKET: Rumford, Thursdays 2-6 p.m., Exchange St.; through October.



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Medicine For The Hills



by Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.

There are three chief obstacles confronting the woman who wishes to recognize the early appearance of breast cancer. They are as follows:

- obtaining a thorough breast examination from a doctor;
- overcoming the basic inertia about "self-health" and developing a habit of monthly breast checks;
- learning the proper techniques of breast self-examination.

None of these obstacles is easily surmounted. In this month's column, we shall examine why this is so.

Any doctor knows how to perform a good breast examination. Too frequently, however, at the time of the yearly Pap smear, the breast examination is performed in a perfunctory fashion. ("Pat-pat-pat. There, all done.") Or, it is not performed at all. There are reasons for this. Doctors are rushed and, like anyone else, they look for shortcuts. There is also frequently a tacit agreement between patient and doctor.

"Please don't find anything."

"Don't worry; I won't."

This is a fine arrangement if the patient is shopping for reassurance, but it is hardly effective in detecting early cancers.

To perform breast self-examination, a woman first needs to be told what is normal for her. That basis for comparison comes from an adequate breast examination by a physician. By asking directly for a thorough breast examination from the doctor, she improves her chances of getting one. The woman should also ask to be taught how to perform the breast self-examination if the physician does not volunteer such instructions.

There is definitely an inertia, a subconscious unwillingness, about breast self-examination. Although this inertia involves forgetfulness, embarrassment, and "lack of time," it transcends these considerations. There exists within all of us a wish for immortality; a strong belief that "it" will not happen to us; a notion that if a tumor is not found, it will not be there. Carried to the extreme, this *denial* has, for example, led to a patient's presenting herself for examination with a horribly disfiguring breast cancer, wondering if "something might possibly be wrong."

To break through this denial, to recognize our very real mortality and then deal with it — whether through losing weight, ceasing to smoke, curtailing alcohol consumption, or developing the discipline to conduct breast examinations — it is no small task. It means saying to ourselves, "Obesity, cigarettes, alcohol and breast cancer can kill me as well as anyone else." And it means believing that fact.

The last obstacle to the early recognition of a breast cancer involves the proper technique of breast self-examination. This is a greater barrier than one might think. For example, in a large survey of women taught the examination technique by a registered nurse, less than half the participants continued to perform the exam after a year.

Women experience a genuine lack of confidence about recognizing whether what they are feeling during an examination is normal or not. It's a legitimate concern. A woman does the exam but really doesn't know what she is looking for.

To combat the problem, silastic dolls with implanted breast "tumors" of various sizes for use in teaching breast self-examination are now on the market. Where the dolls have been used, they have greatly increased the confidence of the women conducting exams. A teaching program using these plastic models might well be a project for an education program in our area.

Confidence is also built by doing the exam repetitively, month after month; coupled by periodic reassurances from the doctor that your breasts are, in fact, normal. Physicians are, after all, asking you to detect a *change* in your own breasts. You alone are in a position to do that. Month after month of examination will allow you to "know" your own breasts and detect any changes quite early.

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The Summer Kitchen



Although August is most often thought of as the month that culminates summer gardening activity, it is also a good time to do some looking ahead to next year. Don't let a preoccupation with assessing this year's growing efforts stand in the way of next season's garden performance.

PERENNIALS like hollyhock, gloxinia, coral bells and columbine, in particular, will be much easier to start from seed if you tend to them now. The seeds may be started either indoors or out. Indoor planting under plastic wrap allows for humidity control and prevents seeds from being washed away in case of heavy rains. But, if seeds are to be directly planted, you can avoid some of the pitfalls by sowing them in well-drained soil and then transplanting them later to their permanent home.

Spring flowering buds like daffodils and tulips should be ordered in time for planting in September and later into the fall, along with any shrubs or trees which you're planning to put out.

Garden lilies, which have a tendency

toward overcrowding, can be divided and transplanted now. Because lilies are never completely dormant, the bulbs shouldn't be left out of the ground even for overnight. The plants should be repositioned far enough apart that they won't have to be disturbed for several years (at least six inches and preferably a foot).

HOUSEPLANTS should be enjoying the out-of-doors, particularly during light rains, which serve to clean and shine the plant leaves and help control any pest problems. But, be careful that the plants don't dry out in the wind and hot August sun. Plants should be checked periodically for spider mites, which hate the cold and damp and will be discouraged by a slight, fine spraying every other day or so.

Now is the time to take plant cuttings and rejuvenate any old, tired varieties. New cuttings from coleus and wax begonias will do particularly well.

VEGETABLES will be now be coming fast



and furiously from the garden. The same spraying technique used on houseplants will help control aphids on tomatoes and peppers.

Cucumbers should be picked for pickles. Onion tops lying on the ground will tell you when they are ready for picking.

Tomato leaves ought to be thinned to hasten ripening. Late winter squash flowers should also be removed for best fruit formation.

Continue to pick rhubarb, taking special care to remove any blossoms from the plant. Otherwise, it will go to seed and produce poorly.

If you haven't done so already, take time to clean out the freezer to make room for any garden produce. Canning and freezing supplies should be checked out and ready to go, and the root cellar, if you have one, should be ready to receive potatoes, beets, carrots, cabbages, etc.

Herbs should be gathered now for drying

in a warm, airy place, out of the sun. When leaves are completely dry and crisp, they are stripped off and placed in air-tight jars, where they'll stand ready to add zest to winter fare.

As the center of activity in the early American farmhouse during the warm weather months, the summer kitchen functioned as much more than a place to fix food. Food was not only prepared there, it was manufactured, along with many other useful household items. There was canning, preserving, cheese making, and cider pressing. Gardens were planned there. Chickens were plucked and freshly-bagged game was hung to air. Soap was made and fabrics were dyed. The summer kitchen has come to represent the broadest spectrum of the farming life.)

Information for **The Summer Kitchen** column is contributed by Groan & McGurn Greenhouses, Bethel.

... Page 30

After you have been reassured by your doctor that your breasts are normal, examine them yourself in a shower or bath. Move your hands lightly and gently over every part of each breast, including the breast tissue which extends up into the armpit — right hand for left breast, left hand for right breast. The wet skin will allow you to detect any small lumps or areas of thickening. (Some breasts are naturally lumpy; some grainy like a bag of wet sand. That's why you need a doctor's exam for comparison.)

Next, dry off and stand before a mirror. Look at your breasts with arms at your side; then raised high overhead; and finally with hands on your hips, pressed firmly to flex the chest muscles. You are now looking for changes in breast contour, dimpling of the skin, swelling, or any nipple changes.

Now lie on a firm surface with your right hand behind your head. With your left hand, fingers flat, examine your right breast. Press gently in small circular motions around an imaginary clock face. Begin at the outermost top of your right breast for twelve o'clock, then move to one o'clock, and so on around the circle and back to twelve. Then move in an inch toward the nipple and circle once again. Keep moving in and circling until

every part of the breast, including the nipple, has been examined.

Then, left hand behind your head, examine your left breast with the right hand in the same fashion. Finally, milk and squeeze each nipple. Any discharge thus produced should be promptly reported.

Conduct this examination once a month, a week after your period; or, if you are post-menopausal, on the first day of the month. Get a good, thorough breast examination by your doctor once a year.

Breast cancer is the leading cause of death in women under fifty. About seven per cent of women will develop breast cancer. In the circulation area of this magazine, that translates into about seven hundred women. It just might not be happening to someone else.

Dr. Lacombe of the Oxford Hills Internal Medicine Group, is a member of the Stephens Memorial Health Education Council.

A FISHY TAIL

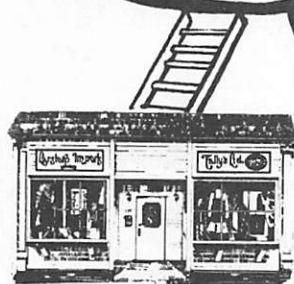
*The man who fished Pennesseewassee
When the water was riley and tossy
Caught a bass six feet long
Just by whistlin' a song
Claimed he wasn't a liar — or was he?*

*Ginny Rice
Norway Center*



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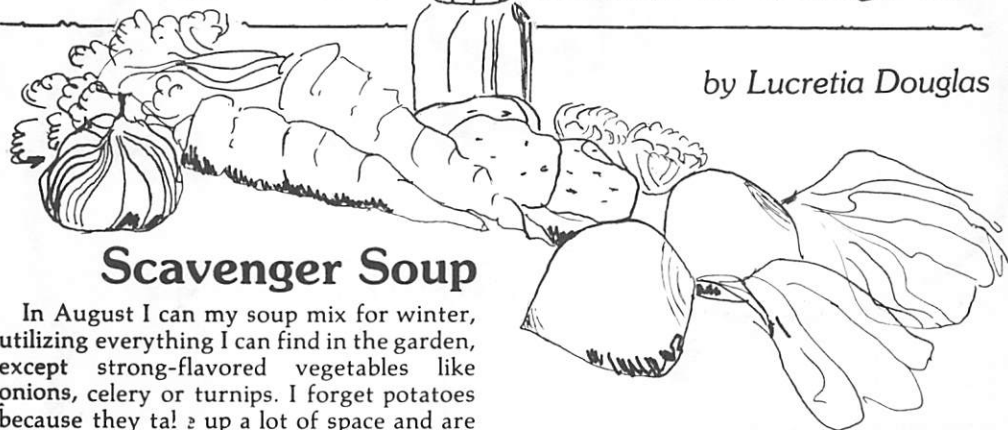
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Homemade

by Lucretia Douglas



Scavenger Soup

In August I can my soup mix for winter, utilizing everything I can find in the garden, except strong-flavored vegetables like onions, celery or turnips. I forget potatoes because they take up a lot of space and are easy to prepare when the soup is made to eat. My family easily uses two canners, or fourteen quarts, of the mix. Make the amount you think your family will use in one season.

The day before I plan to can the mix, I gather a few quarts of shell beans and any string beans (either green or wax or both) I can find on the pole beans. Or, if you've planted a second crop, you may still have some bush green beans. I spade up half a peck of young carrots and see if there are two or three summer squash or zucchini still young and tender enough to be tasty.

In the evening, I shell the beans, snip the green or wax beans, and scrape and cut the carrots into bite-size chunks.

Next morning, I gather a peck or so of good ripe tomatoes and about four dozen ears of sweet corn. I scald the tomatoes for a minute in boiling water and peel them. Then I husk the corn, pick off all the silk I can and cut the kernels from the cob with a sharp paring knife. I wash and slice the squash, if I found any, and okra pods, if I've raised them.

I wash and scald (to sterilize) seven quart jars and begin by putting a tomato or two in each jar. Then I add approximately half a cup of each vegetable and end with enough tomato to fill the jar to within an inch from top. I put a teaspoon of salt and a teaspoon of sugar in each jar and add enough water so the contents are well covered with liquid. (Use a table knife to punch down vegetables when adding water so there won't be any air pockets.)

Then I seal jars and can in pressure canner at 10 lbs. pressure for an hour and a half, following the directions that came with the pressure canner.

When you are ready to make soup, boil a beef marrow bone (with a pound or so of beef on it) if you want beef soup, or just some bones if you want plain vegetable. Add a sliced onion or a couple of stalks of diced celery. Cook over low heat until meat is tender, preferably several hours. Remove bones.

Then add a jar of soup mix and about three cups of diced potatoes. Cook until potatoes are tender. Add salt and pepper to taste, a dash of kitchen bouquet or worcestershire sauce or both for extra flavor.

The soup mix is equally good used with venison instead of beef. Or, you can bring contents of a jar of soup mix, a small onion (peeled and sliced) and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery to a boil.

Meanwhile, heat two cups of milk and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk in a heavy saucepan. Add one tablespoon butter or oleo.

Mix one heaping tablespoon of flour with enough cold water to form a thin paste in a separate bowl. When milk is scalded, add paste to thicken slightly. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly.

When soup mix has boiled about five minutes, add to milk mixture and season to taste with salt and pepper for a nourishing, economical cream-of-vegetable soup. Diced left-over boiled potato may be added for more body.

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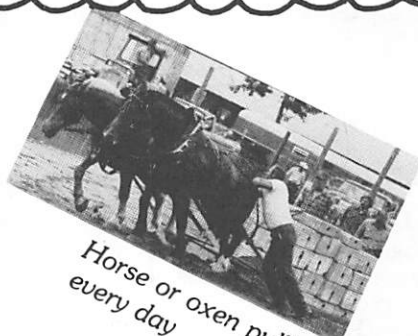
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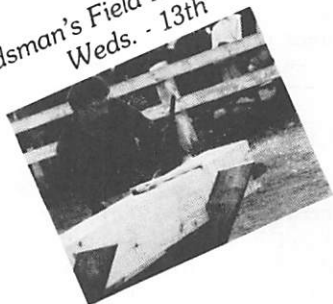
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Billy Burr's Fun-o-rama

Oxford County Fair

Sept. 13 - 17

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Ayah

We consider your comments and suggestions an important means of discovering our readers' interests. Representative and appropriate letters will be published as space allows. Most likely answers won't be necessary, and probably the only response you'll receive will be a most appropriate "Ayah!"

HIGH-COST LESSON

I purchased my first copy of your magazine last month and am really impressed. Keep up the good work.

I greatly enjoyed your *Log Cabin Fever* by Cathy Flynn as I recently had a log cabin built here in Maine. I love the area and find the cabin just what I hoped it would be.

However, before ending up with an excellent cabin, I sure learned a few high-cost lessons that I hope others can avoid. I

contacted an old, established log cabin firm and stated what I wanted. They sent a salesman to see me who promised to build what I wanted the way I wanted. As a result, I had the cabin built while I was teaching too far away to watch the day-by-day work. I lost a few thousands of dollars plus the use of the cabin for a year for the following reasons:

1. Because I trusted an old, established company, I did not check the salesman/builder's background. I am now told he had already started a record of bad debts and shoddy work.

2. I did not hold out a part of the cost of the building until I had moved in and checked the construction in detail. When I did try to move in, I found rotten logs, substandard wiring, a basement that had to be completely rebuilt, plus a few other gems. The company sells to the dealer, so it is off the hook. When you go after him, you find he has no assets and is an expert at not paying anyone. You

Page 40...

LIBRARY POSTSCRIPT

In the article about the Norway library (*BitterSweet*, June, 1978), I mentioned that we didn't have even a family snapshot of Maude Kaemmerling, whose generosity made the building of the library possible.

Well, we do now, through the kindness of Mr. Robley Morrison of Topsham, who knew both Mrs. Kaemmerling and her husband well. Mr. Morrison took this picture of Mrs. Kaemmerling and her cousin and companion, Maude Wakefield, in August, 1956, the summer before Mrs. Kaemmerling died.

Though we at the library think of this lady as principally *our* benefactor, she made many other gifts to the town of Norway. One of her many generous gestures was to purchase "The Laboratory," home of C. A. Stephens, and give it to the Central Oxford County Hospital Association. The association in turn sold the property and applied the proceeds to the Stephens Memorial Hospital construction fund.

The obituary which appeared in the *Advertiser* the week after her death, March 29, 1957 (in Philadelphia), had this to say about Maude Kaemmerling: "Her death brought an end to a very useful and interesting life, filled with good and

generous deeds, which have added to the pleasure and well-being of many."

I'd be happy if I thought something like that might be said about me.

Rosemary Dyer
Norway Librarian



Maude Kaemmerling & companion, Maude Wakefield

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sue and only confirm that fact.

So, if you have a log cabin or prefab built, don't take the builder's word for anything. Get every detail in writing, watch the actual building and hold out a good part of the cost until you are sure of what you have. And above all, be sure to check the builder's background in detail first. Don't take the word of his offered recommendations. Had I only checked a few local hardware stores that he had taken, I'd have escaped.

You say the bank that took the mortgage will help. Don't plan on it. They have not loaned more than they can recover, so they couldn't care less.

But if you do build a log home and manage to dodge the above pitfalls you'll have your dreamhouse and a small fuel bill to balance the big satisfaction.

*Bert S. Sanborn
Guilford*

INTERESTING ENTERPRISE

For some time I have wanted to know more about the projected electric railroad from Norway to Waterford. Happily the July issue of **BitterSweet** brought me satisfaction ("Fear and Fighting on the Oxford Central Railway").

Mrs. Helen Millett Bailey of Norway remembers the encampment of the Italian laborers in a field (now a woods) near the Junction of Route 118 and the Greenwood Road near Norway Center. I have often heard her tell of the fear of the townspeople (she was then a little girl) concerning the enraged laborers who had not received their pay.

I look forward to the concluding part on this most interesting Oxford County enterprise.

*Richard Durnin
Norway*



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My brother recently took a job with a local tree service. During the spring black fly season, he was nearly driven crazy by the little creatures. Noticing that one of the more seasoned employees, a crusty Mainer of about 60, appeared to be unbothered by the pests, my brother asked his secret.

"I bathe my body in a pint of gin," confided the old-timer.

"Doesn't that get a little expensive?" asked my brother.

"Nope," he replied. "Lasts me all year."

*Charles Hutchinson
South Paris*

HARD TO DIGEST

*There was a black fly who confessed
When stricken, and wicked distressed,
No, neurotic I ain't
But this summer complaint
Is certainly hard to digest!*

*Sarah Whitney
Harrison*



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PEDDLER PAGE



The winner of a \$25 cash award in **BitterSweet's** Limerick Contest is Ginny Rice, of Norway Center, whose limerick, "A FISHY TAIL" appears on page 34.

Because they were too good to ignore, limericks by Sarah Whitney of Harrison (see page 41), and Jeffrey Dubay of Norway (see page 24) are receiving honorable mentions, entitling their authors to a small cash stipend.

WANTED: People who like old things and local history to join in the *Norway Historical Society*. Meetings held the third Wednesday of each month at Norway Library, 7:30 p.m. For information, call 527-2386.

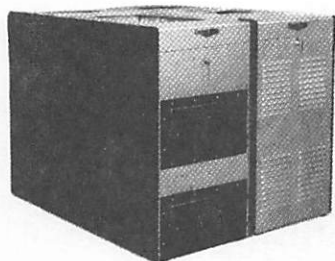
WANTED: Old pictures of local landmarks for **BitterSweet's** *Can You Place It?* page. Small payment upon printing. Picture returned to sender. Box 301, Oxford, Maine 04270.

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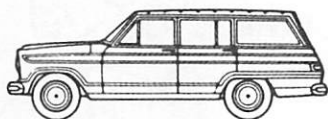
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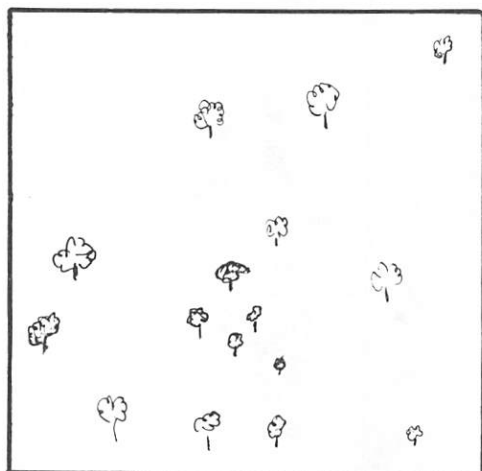
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BRAINTEASER V



A farmer has a square field containing 16 oak trees, as shown in the diagram. He wants to put up five straight fences in such a way that every tree is in a separate enclosure. How can the field be marked off in five straight lines to show him how to solve the problem?

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In last month's BRAINTEASER IV, a series of twelve golf balls was placed before the reader. One of the balls was either lighter or heavier than the others and the problem was to pinpoint that odd ball using only a balance scale, and being limited to just three weighings. After a month of mentally exhausting work, we can supply the answer.

BRAINTEASER EXPLANATION

Divide the balls into three groups of four balls each. Label the balls of the first group A1-2-3-4, the balls of the second group B1-2-3-4, and the balls of the third group C1-2-3-4.

If groups A and B are placed on the balance scale and the scales balance, then one operation has been used and we know that the odd ball is in group C. To find the odd ball from Group C, balance C1-2-3 against any three balls from group A or B. If the balls balance, then the odd ball is C4 and the third weighing is the C4 ball against any other ball to find if it is lighter or heavier.

If the scales do not balance in the second weighing, then it is known that the odd ball is among C1-2-3, and it is also known whether the odd ball is lighter or heavier than the others, depending on the tilting of the scale. So one has only to weigh C1 against C2. Knowing, for example, that the odd ball is lighter, if the scales show an unbalance, the odd ball will be the high ball. If the scales balance, then the odd ball is C3 and it's weight has been determined by the second weighing.

If there was an unbalance in the first operation (A1-2-3-4/B1-2-3-4), then the position of the scales must be carefully noted, as well as which balls are on each side. There are only two operations left to find the strange ball. Let's assume the scales at the first weighing look like this:

B1-2-3-4

A1-2-3-4

Weigh A1, B1, and C1 (which you know is a standard ball) against A2, A3, and B2. If the scales balance, it is known that the odd ball is A4, B3 or B4. Remembering the way the balance tipped in the first operation, the potential odd weight of each ball can be determined. If B3 is weighed against B4 and they balance, the odd ball is A4 and is heavy. But if the scales don't balance, then the odd ball is the light ball.

If the imbalance in the second operation (A1, B1, C1/A2, A3, B2) remains the same as



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in the first operation:

B1-2-3-4

A1-2-3-4

then it is known that the odd ball is either A1 (heavy) or B2 (light), for these are the only balls that have remained on the same side of the scale. The third weighing would then be either of these balls against a standard ball to find the odd ball. If the imbalance changes in the second weighing, then it is known that the odd ball is A2 (heavy), A3 (heavy), or B1 (light). One merely has to weigh A2 against A3 to find the odd ball. If they balance, the odd ball is B1. If they don't balance, the heavier is the odd ball.

Wasn't that easy?

*The person with the earliest postmarked answer to
BRAINTEASER IV and BRAINTEASER V will
win a year's subscription to **BitterSweet**.*

... Page 9

Hallett. Their avowed intention was to hold the three as hostages and to kill them if they did not eventually get their pay. The prisoners feared they would not live through the night. Certosimo, even though an Italian himself, was especially frightened because he knew his high wages made him unpopular. The noisy mob, armed with knives and revolvers, milled around all night making many threats. But, on Saturday morning, the prisoners were still unharmed.

Later in the morning, Certosimo managed to talk the members of the gang into letting him go to Norway by promising he would be able to get their money for them. The leaders sent three armed men along as guards. Arriving at the railroad office, the sutler somehow managed to be the first inside and slammed and locked the door in the guards' faces. Certosimo left on the next train to Boston, with only the rough clothes he had on his back. When the guards returned to the camp and reported his escape, the news set the camp buzzing like a swarm of bees.

In the meantime, Hallett decided to make a break, hoping to gain his freedom through strategy. Somehow he managed to conceal a revolver in his clothing and though he knew it would be a desperate gamble, he took his chance at escape. Wandering near the woods, he suddenly took to his heels; whereupon, the whole angry mob took after him in hot pursuit.

Hallett outran all but four of his pursuers and then risked a hand-to-hand fight with the nearest man, knocking him out with his fist. He then drew his revolver and drove the other three men back. In making his way to Norway, he nearly blundered into a group of laborers out searching for him. Hallett remained in hiding in Norway until Monday morning when, according to records, "other developments made it advisable for him to go away."

That same Saturday, after hurried conferences at the railroad office: among officials, a State Detective named Bassett was called in to help calm things. Bassett and a group comprised of Chief Engineer Louis B. Wilson and two other men drove over to the labor camp. When the Italians saw Wilson, they shouted, "We want him," and they took him. The others were not molested and were allowed to return to Norway. Now there were again two hostages, Robert Davis and Wilson.

In the afternoon, Sheriff Fred A. Porter came down from Bryant Pond by train bringing with him Deputy Sheriff and State Detective Cyrus M. Wormell and Deputy Sheriff Milton Penley of Bethel. The men were joined by deputies Chandler Garland and Thaddeus Cross, and Railroad Treasurer Judge S. S. Stearns.

The six men went to the trouble area, and were allowed to talk to the two prisoners. Both hostages were offered the chance to jump into the carriage and get away but each, in his turn, refused, saying that doing so would surely bring on the death of the other, since the rioters were by this time desperate. In spite of their danger, the hostages insisted it would be wiser to wait until there was a chance for both of them to escape at the same time.

So Saturday ended with no feasible rescue plan. Saturday night was an uneasy one for all residents of nearby towns. There were rumors of threats to people and property. Many folks living fairly near the camp got very little, if any, sleep. They sat around with loaded rifles and shotguns, while listening to angry shouts and occasional gunshots from the camp area.

On Sunday morning, the Sheriff made another attempt at peace. Taking deputies Garland and Cross and the Rev. Fr. M. D. Summa, who could speak Italian, he went again to the camp, hoping to convince the

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strikers to release the prisoners and let the law handle their grievances. The attempt was a failure. Nothing but money would satisfy the rioters.

The group returned to Norway, where they learned that the contractor, Davis, had just arrived from Boston *without* any money. Davis explained that because of the illness of a broker, the funds could not be transferred at the bank until the first of the week. But, he guaranteed the money would arrive by mid-week.

Sheriff Porter was stumped. If he sent in the military, the rioters had promised they would "cut their prisoners into as many pieces as there were dollars owed to them," namely \$2,300. Officers and men of the Norway Militia Company had been alerted, and the unit was in touch with military authorities at Augusta. So, troops were available if needed.

Many people visited the railroad camp that Sunday. It was a strange sight to see in peaceful, rural New England. Armed laborer sentries patrolled the road approaches to the three corners called Rice's Junction. No one was stopped who just wished to pass through, but the prisoners were kept well guarded and out of sight.

Meanwhile, State Detectives Bassett and Wormell worked out a daring plan to rescue the two hostages. Their success depended on split-second timing and Bassett briefed his group thoroughly. Just before dusk, a small

force, comprised of Bassett, Wormell, Deputy Wood Emery and L. Twombly was at the camp with two carriages and good horses. Both teams were headed toward North Waterford, with Emery and Twombly acting as drivers.

The plan was for Bassett to try to divert the attention of the strikers long enough for the prisoners to jump into the carriages and escape. The plan worked, only because of the courage of Detective Bassett, who used himself as bait by mingling with the Italians and engaging in their sports in order to lure the crowd away from the teams. Bassett made enough of an impression on the strikers that, when he moved back away from the road and in among them, their suspicions were not aroused.

At seven minutes before six, the prisoner, Davis, jumped into the carriage with Wormell and Emery and instantly was off. In the resulting confusion, the other prisoner, Wilson, managed to get away into the other carriage with Twombly and he, too, took off at a gallop.

The escape was not without a little trouble, however. Wormell was attacked by a rioter with a knife, but the assailant was clubbed down by the officer's revolver. Several of the Italians jumped to grab the teams, but were unable to stop them. Two men were run over in the escape and several shots were fired at the escaping men and horses, but it was never known if anyone was seriously injured in the escape.

One more member of the rescue group, a Mr. Shorey, failed to get into one of the carriages, and was left by the roadside. Seeing his danger, he instantly jumped into the woods and escaped the wrath of the rioters. Shorey came out of the woods at the Hall Homestead near McWain Pond in Waterford and was driven to Norway, arriving there about eight o'clock. He was soon surrounded by "a great crowd of people" as he recounted the whole story of the rescue, giving high praise to Detective Bassett for risking himself in order to free the two railroad officials. The detective's fate was still unknown at that time.

(concluded next issue)

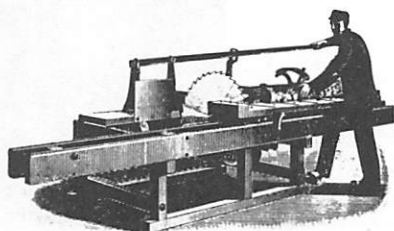
Henley, now deceased, served as Norway's State Representative for several years and also as State Senator. He compiled his history of the Oxford Central Electric Railroad in 1968.



COUNTERPOINT

When August writes her music for goodbye
Upon the pages of a blank blue sky,
A staff of copper cable stretches high
Between electric-light-pole bars. From all
the hay-filled barns allegro swallows fly
To form the living notes. Reluctantly
the sultry wind begins the cadency
With minor chords... a farewell elegy
To summer, love and youth. Approaching fall
Consigns this melancholy melody
To memory, where all laments belong:
September sings a softer, sweeter song.

*Otta Louise Chase
Sweden*



YOU DON'T SAY

Although I am a committed jogger, many of my friends remain holdouts. One day, while I was running a back road stretch, a non-running neighbor passed me in his car. His two-year-old daughter was with him. My friend called out a less-than-flattering crack about the art of running and continued on his way.

When he arrived home, his daughter informed her mother that they had seen me while they were out.

"Oh, really?" said her mother. "What was he doing?"

"He was out chasing cars," replied her daughter, matter-of-factly.

*JMW
Buckfield*

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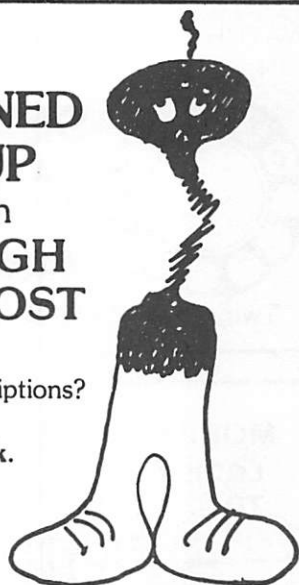


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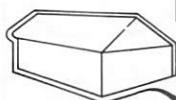
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West Paris for many years. The barn at Ledgeview Farm, located at Trap Corner in West Paris is one of my brother's fine works of carpentry. Built during the 1950's, it is a fine example of modern wood-frame construction, a method which was about 100 years old at the time the barn was built. Instead of framing the building with heavy timbers, as was done by Darius Holt at the original Cummings mill, for instance, this method of construction used light two by



four studs which were nailed together in a basket-like manner. The method was popularized in the mid 1800's, as soon as machine-made nails were readily available to builders.

It was around 1919 that my dad purchased the first Model T Ford — a real brass-fronter. We sure enjoyed the "old lady" and she did very well during the summer months. But, when the first snowflake began to fall, the old car was perched on wooden blocks to rest for the winter. Then the transportation went to the old family work horse, which was used to travel the six miles to Norway village, where the men performed their carpenters' services in order to make a living.

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The Stephen Jellison residence shows a federalist flair, complete with delicate columns and a fanlight above the front door.

After several years, my dad purchased a beautiful red and white pony, a fairly large animal, with some Mustang blood in his veins. This was during the years when roads were rolled with a big snow roller which was pulled by at least four, and sometimes six, horses. The pony served his purpose well during the winter months so long as he avoided contact with cars or other strange looking objects. For safety's sake, he wore blinders on his bridle and carried a bit with wheels on it in his mouth.

One cold, wintry morning, when the men were on their way to work, the pony saw



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something distasteful and up over the snow-bank he went, dumping out his passengers, furry robe and all. The pony went on his way into town, stopping at the livery stable where he always spent the day while the menfolk worked. My dad and my grandfather did get to work eventually, but they walked the last two miles or more.

No damage was done, except for the dash board of the sleigh which always wore a small piece of metal after that accident to cover a bad break caused by the dumping.

It was late in the 1920's that my great uncle Wilbur and Vern Holt convinced my dad that he and my grandfather should winter in Florida and make their share of the wealth from the "big boom" that was hitting the country. So, we moved to Norway village to get out of the wilderness, and the menfolk planned on heading south for the winter. However, before they got started on their adventure, the big crash came, which was to lead to the great Depression.

As years passed by, we moved back to the old farm in Millettville, due to the problems brought on by the Depression, and my grandfather retired. When World War II

came upon us, construction began on the Brunswick Naval Base and Dad worked there for quite some time. He was also head carpenter for the construction of the buildings for the Portland Pipe Line in Maine and New Hampshire.

It was during the war that my parents moved back into town, settling in Paris this time. At the time that Dad retired, he had served as a maintenance carpenter at the old Paris Manufacturing Company, later Gladding Paris, having been employed there ever since the projects of the war had ended.

I remember very clearly the winter my dad and grandfather went to work to assist in the building of the new brick school in Norway. The conversation around the table during the evening meal was the new-style folding doors that were to divide the large assembly room at the school. Apparently, as I remember, there was a question as to how to install these doors. My dad and grandfather Holt were consulted to hang the doors, which they did. I expect that they could have been the only doors of that type in any public building in town at that time.

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*Are you yearning for the charm of days gone by?
Well - drop in and sit a spell!*

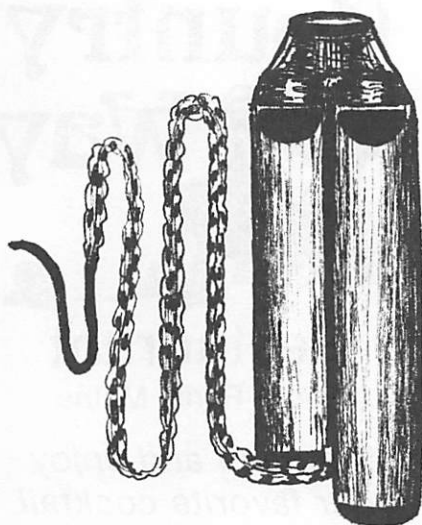
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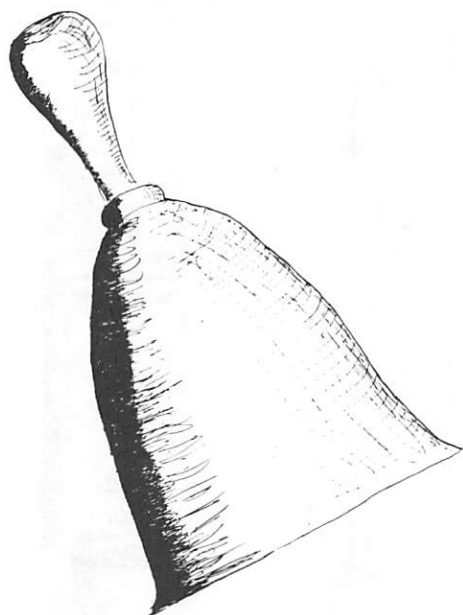
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My dad did all of the changes and repairs for years at the old Rex Theater in Norway, which was managed, as I recall, by Ernest Carpenter. I remember when the talking movies first came to town, and my dad was called in to remodel the area around the screen to provide the adjustments required when the talkies were to be shown on the screen. Since these pictures required a much larger screen, he produced sliding sides that could be opened to accommodate larger movies.

One of the buildings erected by my father and grandfather which has become a thing of the past is the Minnie Libby Studio, which served as headquarters for Norway's talented female photographer during the 1920's. This famous building was taken down to prepare the present parking lot for the Norway National Bank.

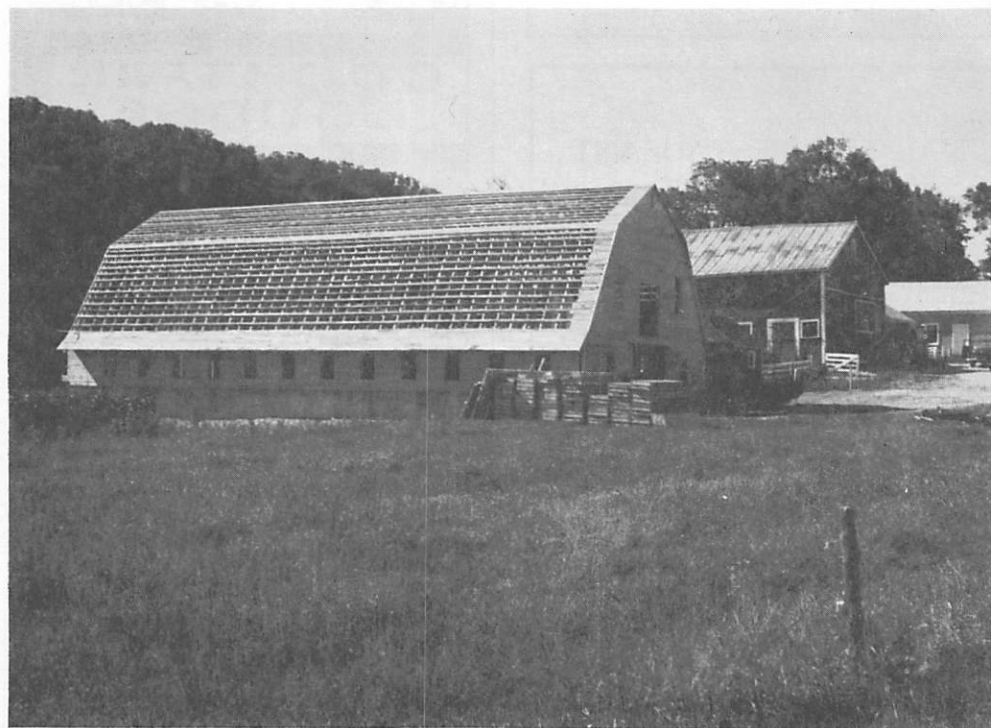
As I look back through the years past and recall how many changes that have taken place in the construction of a home, it's

amazing to picture my grandfather sitting for hours in front of a window to utilize the daylight hours to draw his plan for a house. This makes me wonder how he could have endured such an ordeal without the modern electric lights.

I've seen my dad lay a hardwood floor using a hammer and nails instead of the nailing devices that are used in these modern times. People today would find it hard to believe that Dad used to buff hardwood floors, on his hands and knees, with a buffing iron. Now, an electric sander is always used.

It seems that my brother, Leonas Holt, will be the last of the carpenters in the Holt family. Although some of my grandsons may be talented in the trade, none is earning a living in this manner.

As I was looking through some of my grandfather's papers, I discovered the following figures, which must have been compiled in the early 1900's for the construction of a building which he intended to build. It is unbelievable to see what money



Ledgeview Farm Barn, West Paris, with its basket-like design.

could buy then for building materials:

7500 feet lumber at \$4	\$30
12,000 shingles at \$3.25	39
1000 clapboards	45
1000 feet of pine finish	4
5000 laths at \$4	20
300 yards of plastering	55
1500 bricks for chimneys, laid	26
13 windows and frames	29
one front door and frame	8
one back door and frame	5
10 inside doors and frames	21
800 feet hard pine flooring	45

500 feet soft pine flooring	2
stair finish	8
nails and hardware	12
6 gallons paint	12

Total for materials	341
carpenter's labor	200

Total cost of estimate	561
<i>Times sure have changed!</i>	

Anna Holt Henderson is a reporter for The Lewiston Sun.



Real Estate



Paris Hill - \$39,500 - By Appt. please
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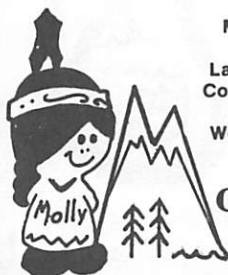
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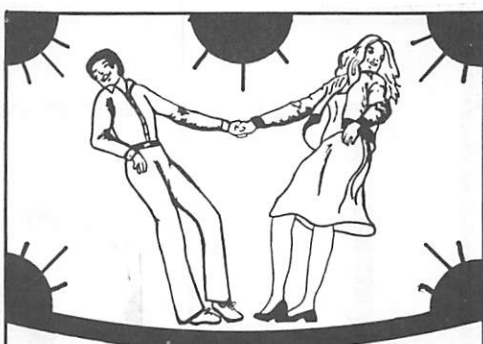


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The pub is completely set up for serving pizza, fired foods and light lunches, and there's even a 35'x40' **Ice Cream Parlor** — more than \$30,000 in equipment. There are 3 separate septic systems, town water, and a large storage room.

This package also includes a 2 BR home, all situated on approximately 2 acres with 346' road frontage. The land and buildings are selling for \$93,500; Real Estate and all equipment \$115,000.

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Pauline Kennison
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N



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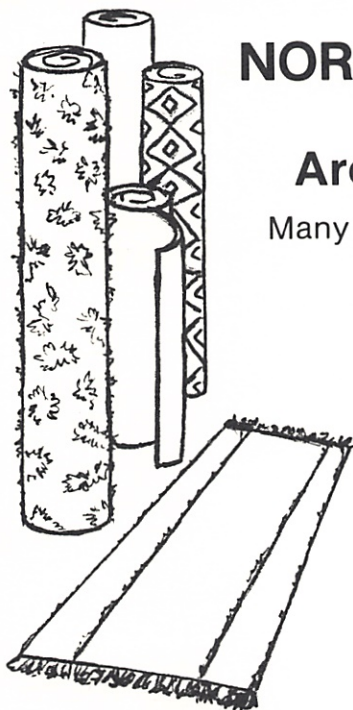
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